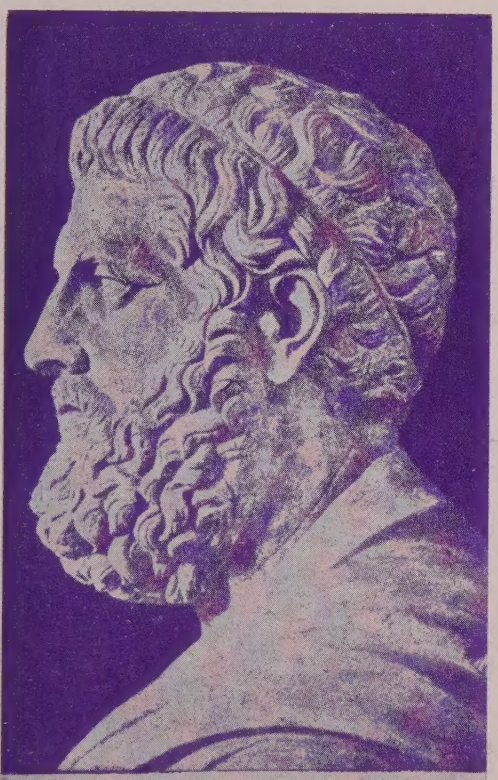
ATHENE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF HELLENIC THOUGHT



Σοφοκλῆς.
[Κεφαλὴ ἀνδριάντος ἐν τῷ μουσείῳ τοῦ Λατερανοῦ.]

SOPHOCLES

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POETRY and BOOK REVIEWS

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by

ALEXIS KYROU
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JOHN DAWSON
PAUL NORD
MAVRA JOAKIMIDES
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ATHENE

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE of HELLENIC THOUGHT

WINTER, 1953 DEMETRIOS A. MICHALAROS, Editor VOL. XIII - No. 4

Three New Poems by MARIAN DOTHWELL

(Written for ATHENE - Copyright by the Author)

THEBES IN AUTUMN

Europa's monument! enduring Thebes!
Mysterious relic testifying still
To that strange destiny thou did'st fulfill!

*

Fam'd seat of tragedy, dread Ares' shrine!
This is where Cadmus fabled city rose;
Here walk the shadows of the story'd dead;
Where Pindar and Tiresias repose
The russet pomegranate hangs its head;
And ill-star'd Oedipus bestrode this ground
Where now the thistle and the tare abound.

*

Silence is thine today, renowned Thebes!
An Autumn garden strewn with fallen gold
Beneath the spectre of the Frankish keep,
Where laurel leaf and knotted vine enfold
The treasuries of Skopas' age, that sleep
Beside the circle where the Muses trod
And sacrifices burn'd to Amphion's god.

*

Thou hast outwatch'd the centuries old Thebes!
Thy past still lingers on the evening air,
The spot is peopled with a silent throng.
A press of moving multitudes, that stir
The grass-grown courtyard as they move along;
Surely a silken chlamis brush'd the wall —
Or heard ye but the whispering leaves that fall?

*

It is the wind that blows through ancient Thebes
And moans about the ruin'd turret now
Starting the rooks that hoarsely chattering
Rise from its dark and ivy-curtain'd brow,
And fill the air with black wings fluttering.
It is the wind that wafts the sands of time
O'er Thebes and history and recorded rhyme!

PLATO'S OLIVE

Two thousand years, and more, are sped; and thou
Still stand'st, thy hoary head against the blue,
The Autumn hangs her tribute on thy bough,
And Spring, with flowerets, garlands thee anew.
O, how like him that thy young shadow knew;
Wise Plato! that beheld thy first leaves shine;
Thou dost endure like him, and like him now
Thou hast survived the strife and toil of time,
And livest evergreen, as in thy glorious prime.

*

The knotted carvings of each labour'd year
Have wrought strange traceries about thy core,
That thou like a rich relic dost appear,
Graven with mysteries and sacred lore,
And by antiquity quite silver'd o'er,
And with a wealth of votive chaplets twined
Of dusky pearls, the gift Athena bore;
Or like a book, whose jeweled covers bind,
Immortal knowledge, stored in the eternal mind.

*

The angry hordes of massacre and hate,
And all destruction's powers, have pass'd thee by;
Carnage and pillage, greed insatiate,
Men arm'd for war, or bent on vilainy,
Yea, and dread heaven's dire artillery,
Inviolate have left thee; e'en so he,
That 'neath thy verdant canopy once sate.
Continue still, fair venerable tree!
That thou to Plato's works a living shrine may'st be!

THRENODY

(On the Death of Anghelos Sikelianos)

Ye. that have drunk of the Castalian spring,
And pluckt the scarlet pomegranate flower
That fringes all the silver'd olive bower,
And wondering
Have gaz'd upon the silent crags that tower
Above the Delphic ruins dark and dour;
Come, softly sing!

*

Take your sad pipes ye poets, and attune
Your solemn melodies to mourning strain.
His lips are clos'd, that shall not sing again,
And cyprus — strewn,
And laurel-wreath'd, he sleeps, while the vast plain
And bosky hillside, bright with golden grain,
Sigh their sad rune.

*

What chill breath wafted near the close of day
Through the green vineyard hung with promis'd store,
Shaking the fruit that early Summer bore,
And took its way
Through fallen collonade and empty door,
What time it seem'd a misty form it wore,
And linger'd grey

*

Delphi, thou know'st that spirit! See! the flowers
Hang their gay heads, and gold Apollo now
Veils him in cloud and hides his burning brow;
Lament, sad Hours!
Lament, and with a voice of woe endow
The streamlet, murmuring to the whispering bough,
O, woe is ours!

xis Kyrou, chief delegate of Greece at the United Nations, answering Russian charges.

The Greek Soul and the Defense of Our Western Democracy

By ALEXIS KYROU
(WRITTEN FOR ATHENE)

In the course of centuries the Greek soul has never changed. It resisted the Persian attack, moved by its own philosophical concepts of the dignity of the individual and the supremacy of the free spirit. Inspired by similar principles as well as by the Christian faith it held the torch of civilization, during the millennium of Byzantine history, and stood relentlessly as the unque bulwark of Europe against the autocratic designs of the Asiatic invaders. In the same spirit it faced lately the three-fold onslaught of modern totalitarianism.

Greece is not a mere geographical concept. It is rather an ideal; a living dream to which all true Greeks remain passionately devoted. Our farmers and craftsmen are keenly aware of the fact that their great heritage rather imposes duties upon them instead of conferring rights; above all the duty of maintaining the cult of freedom and the teachings of the Nazarene. That is why, from 1940 to 1950, amidst unheard of sacrifices and willingly accepted martyrdom, they have defended their own liberty and at the same time that of the whole Western world against black, brown or red-shirted aggressors. That is why Greek soldiers are fighting in Korea shoulder to shoulder with their American and other comrades-in-arms.

Modern and Ancient Greece are not two but one—one by that strongest of unities, their spiritual and moral sincerity continuing without a break from Troy to Marathon, from Marathon to the heroic struggle of our medieval Byzantine Emperors, from the War of Independence of 1821 to the recent undaunted facing of the three headed totalitarian Hydra. And, as History goes on and as the area of the Eastern Mediterranean gains in importance every day for the security of the Western world, our men and women will never become unequal to the heavy burden they are bearing in the mission of common salvation. In the words of Abraham Lincoln's second inaugural address: "with malice toward none; with charity to all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right" we shall "strive on to finish the work we are in . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and

(Continued on Page 17)

SOPHOCLES IN NEW YORK

TWO MEMORABLE PRODUCTIONS

I.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE OF GREECE COMES TO NEW YORK

By GEORGE BOURLOS
Special ATHENE Art Correspondent

The coming of the National Theatre of Greece to New York with two marvelous productions, Sophocles' "Electra" and "Oedipus Rex" at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, constitutes an important bond in the cultural relations of the American and Greek peoples.

The New York critics were jubilant with enthusiasm at the way these two masterpieces of Classical Greece were interpreted by the National Greek Theatre group.

Such world famous critics as Brooks Atkinson of the New York Times and Walter Kerr of the Herald-Tribune joined others in reporting that for the first time the American theatre-goer witnessed such a magnificent presentation of the famous dramas which were written over 2500 years ago but which still retain their dramatic excellence, their high moral teaching, and aesthetic perfection, and which move us as deeply today.

The success of these two productions may be considered an important victory of present day intellectual Hellas in an arena of spiritual contests where the mightiest of the earth comes to compete. It has also strengthened the moral fiber of the Greeks in America.

That which made the greatest impression in the course of these two productions was the utilization of the chorus to explain the tragedy. This matter of the proper placing of the chorus has been so far the greatest stumbling block in the presentation of ancient Greek plays on the stage.

'. . . In mastering the function of the chorus, the Greek National Theatre has mastered the art of playing Greek classical drama as a whole" writes Brooks Atkinson in the New York Times. And Walter Kerr has this to say in the Herald-Tribune: " . . . Perhaps nothing in the production at the Hellinger is more illuminating than its use of the traditional Greek chorus. Both the extreme formality of this device, and its present-day unfamiliarity, tend to make it a stumbling block in most contemporary productions of Greek tragedy. Here there is a happy acceptance of its dramatic, rather than its merely musical value to the action of the play. Moving simply and fluidly, speaking in perfect unison, the chorus again and again adds urgency to the mounting tension, gives point and poignance to the suferings of principal by responding so sensitively to each new mood. This "Electra" finds genuine theatrical excitement in the chorus' sudden approach to the audience or in the apprehension with which it waits outside the Atrean palace while delayed justice is done."

Perhaps it was natural that the Greek artists should finally resolve this great problem of the use of the chorus in Greek drama, which has baffled producers for generations.

The first important attempt to solve this Chorus-problem came in 1927 when the Sikelianos couple revived Greek drama at Delphi.

The chorus is the basic ingredient of tragedy. It is the Dionysiac element in it. It was therefore natural that this basic art cell of the fully developed Attic theatre should be there at the core of the play. It should be given its rightful prominence of aesthetic feeling and movement which goes beyond a common theatrical production and becomes an inspired ritual that touches the cords of the soul and moves us profoundly thus fulfilling the highest requirements of art.

The surprising impression which was created by the production of "Prometheus Bound" and the "Suppliants" of Aeschylus at the ancient theatre at Delphi, was due to this deployment of the chorus in reference to the plays, a problem which was studied and finally resolved by that noble American and student of the Greek drama, Eva Sikelianos.

It is to be regretted that these two productions at Delphi were not filmed at the time, that is in 1927, so that the Sikelianos work on the tragic chorus in the "Prometheus" and the "Suppliants" could serve to guide all who wish to produce the Greek classical plays.

Demetrios Rondiris, the director of the Greek National Theatre uses a different method than what Eva Sikelianos did with the chorus. He is influenced more by the Rheinhard school in Germany where he himself studied theatre art. He did, however, achieve this. Drawing from his Hellenic heritage, he incorporated what he had learned abroad and thus forged a new conception of the chorus problem which has been assiduously followed in all productions of the classic play by the National Theatre of Greece. And this is the procedure that Alexis Minotis followed too when he staged the "Oedipus" at the Mark Hellinger Theatre. Actually he did not achieve the unity that Rondiris realized with the "Electra". He did not hold the chorus together as smoothly as Rondiris did and the subsequent effect of merging with the dramatic elements of the myth was somewhat loosened. Thus there was a minute scale of difference in the presentation of the two plays which minute difference could

(Continued on Page 7)

II.

What the Critics Said!

(Excerpts from the New York Press)

ELECTRA, the tragedy by Sophocles, translated into modern Greek by J. Gryparis. Produced by the National Theatre of Greece under the sponsorship of Guthrie McClintic, by arrangement with the American National Theatre and Academy. Music by Dimitri Mitropoulos; staged by Dimitri Rondiris; scenery by C. Clonis; costumes designed by Antonios Phocas; choreography by Loukia Sakellariou. At the Mark Hellinger Theatre through Sunday matinee.

THE CAST

Paedagogus	J. Apostolides
Orestes	Thanos Cotsopoulos
Electra	Katina Paxinou
Chrysothemis	Rita Myrat
Clytaemnestra	A. Raftopoulou
Aegisthus	N. Hadziscos
Chorus Leader	H. Zafiriou
Pylades	Al Deliyannis

Chorus of women: A. Bellou, A. Capellari, C. Capitsines, V. Cassavou, I. Cofino, P. Gregoera, Th. Joannidou, R. Michalopoulos, C. Myrat, J. Vassolou, E. Vozikiadou.

★

By BROOKS ATKINSON

(IN THE NEW YORK TIMES)

Anyone who wants to know how Sophocles' "Electra" should be acted is directed to the Mark Hellinger Theatre during the rest of the week. For the National Theatre of Greece has stopped by for a visit and, with Katina Paxinou in the leading part, it knows how to bring a venerable classic to majestic life.

Everything is dramatically imposing in the performance—the measured, full-toned acting laden with formal tragedy, the costumes and the lighting. But the orchestrated score composed by Dimitri Mitropoulos and the direction of the chorus are the contributions to this "Electra" that seem most nearly unique. Mr. Mitropoulos' score introduces the tragedy with some eerie string music and some baleful sounds from the kettledrums; it underscores the most dramatic episodes in the legend, and it provides some odes for the chorus to sing. Quite apart from its value as tragic music, the score helps to give the performance depth and eloquence.

The pace of the performance is consciously deliberate, and most of the acting is reserved in style, though forcefully stated. As Electra, the vengeful daughter of the royal family, grief-stricken, resolute in her hatreds and loyalties, Miss Paxinou gives a powerful performance. It is a portrait of tragedy —grim and hideous, for Miss Paxinou always has the courage of her convictions and a voice resonant enough to express them.

As Clytaemnestra, A. Raftopoulou gives a royal performance full of royal authority, and with the stature of a queen. By way of contrast, Rita Myrat's Chrysothemic has the softness and timidity of a princess who is avoiding an epochal feud. The Orestes of Thanos Cotsopoulos, the Paedagogus of J. Apostolides and the Aegisthus of N. Hadziscos have weight and splendor; and the Chorus Leader by H. Zafiriou has the frightened alertness of a woman facing terrible decisions.

Now we know that Sophocles' "Electra" is more than a schoolbook myth. The National Theatre of Greece knows how to transmute it into a tragedy that still retains heroic stature after nearly 2,400 years of squalid history.

★

NEW YORK TIMES—**"Oedipus Tyrannus" Is Second Bill Put On by Greek National Theatre.**

By BROOKS ATKINSON

In comparison with "Electra," "Oedipus" is more compact, and the performance is more concise and dramatic. For the story of how Oedipus learns the awful truth about his fate is told with deliberate suspense in a style that approximates the modern manner. Again, C. Clonis has filled the stage with an imposing scene depicting the steps to a royal palace. The costumes by Antonios Phocas are formal

OEDIPUS TYRANNOS: Oedipus learns of his descent from shepherd.

without being severe. And the musical accompaniment, composed by Miss Paxinou, lightly underscores the dramatic episodes in the performance.

Although Mr. Minotis and Miss Paxinou are starred in the program, the performance is a completely integrated work of art, as impersonal and as majestic as the drama. The acting is in the heroic style. The pace is deliberate; the groupings are planned for dramatic symmetry; the sound of the voices has the resonance of impassioned speech about terrible things. Nothing of use in the telling of a mighty fable is wasted in this articulate performance.

It is hard to imagine how the acting could be improved. Mr. Minotis' Oedipus is royal without being aloof to the personal crises of the story. Without loving regal authority, he hangs on every word that the shepherds from the hills bring unwillingly to the palace.

But, as in the case of "Electra", the staging of the chorus is the most stunning contribution of the Greek National Theatre productions. It is a male chorus for "Oedipus"—bearded, gowned in subdued colors. Under the direction of Agapi Evangelidou, the chorus both judges and participates in the action, like an idealized instrument of public opinion. Although the gestures and the movements are perfectly synchronized, they are not spectacular, but spontaneous and unobstrusive. If it is possible for acting to be natural and stately at the same time, this is it.

★

HERALD-TRIBUNE—**"Oedipus Tyrannus"**

By WALTER F. KERR

The closing moments of the "Oedipus", which the Greek National Theatre is offering at the Hellinger, rise to a pitch of exhilerating dramatic power. From the time that Katina Paxinou, as Jocasta, anticipates the terrifying truth that is about to destroy her royal household and staggers in revulsion from that husband who is also her son, an electrifying intensity seems to take hold of the company. When Alexis Minotis, as the Oedipus whose doom is now sealed, staggers forth from the palace—blinded, calling for his children, asking in anguish that a just vengeance be meted out to him —he achieves the sort of vigor, fire, and tragic warmth we have been waiting for all evening. And the very end of the play—as the blinded Oedipus senses the chorus' desire to help him but insists on making his own halting way—is deeply moving.

★

JOURNAL-AMERICAN—**"Pageant of Beauty, Motion and Strength"**

By JOHN McCLAIN

Apart from the central characters, Minotis as Oedipus, Miss Paxinou as Jocasta, there are four or five supporting players who succeed equally beyond the limitations of an unintelligible tongue in bringing depth and meaning to this great Sophoclean drama. It is a technique dependent mostly upon voice and gesture, relying for movement upon the male chorus.

This chorus of 14 bearded gentlemen in long robes moves through the evening with a precision of speech and posture unrivaled by the Rockettes.

At one point they even break into a slow shuffle to the accompaniment of some properly sombre off-stage music, at other times they break formation and disperse about the stage, but in each charade they are adding to the mood of the moment . . .

It is an absorbing experience for drama devotees and serious classical followers . . . "

★

WORLD-TELEGRAM—**'Oedipus Language Universal"**

By WILLIAM HAWKINS

The National Theatre of Greece again left an indelible impression on New York first nighters last night with its second production here, "Oedipus Tyrannus".

Like "Electra,' this offering has a nobility unknown to contemporary theatre. The poetic tragedy is presented by the visiting company with all the grandeur and purity and visual beauty it deserves.

The story, of course, is revealed by exposition, so that the actual climax comes each time with the shock of realization.

The form of Greek tragedy demands that all the plays points be conveyed in speech, rather than in action. Despite the fact that an onlooker here may understand not one word of the tongue, the action is made clear through the force of the leading players and the emphasis of the chorus.

In "Oedipus" the chorus seems even more fluid than it was in "Electra." A wider vocal range, including a purely musical chant, is required of it. This group of men is able to express such emotional nuance, such subtle vocal phrasing, and such lear facial expression and positive bodily gesture, that it becomes a superhuman character in itself.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE OF GREECE COMES TO NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 5)

be perceptible to the experienced eye, since the "Oedipus" lacked somewhat the expert undivided direction that held "Electra" together from beginning to end.

And although I may differ with Mr. Rondiris on certain theoretical aspects on the production of the classic drama, still in my opinion there is no more able director in Greece today than Demetrios Rondiris and it is he who is mainly responsible for the success of the National Theatre of Greece in America.

I further hope that this first visit of the National Theatre of Greece will not remain just a solitary artistic event which though momentous, will soon be forgotten. This interchange of artistic talent between Greece and America should continue. Furthermore, the church and the Greek-American national organizations should assume the initiative so that this group should be asked to visit us at least every two years, and that Hellenic Festivals should be organized all over the country with the cooperation and active participation as guest artists of American actors as well. This will serve a double purpose. It will bring to America festivals and artistic events of an enduring nature, and at the same time it will create an interest in this country towards Greek things and a better understanding between the peoples of the two countries.

III.

The Pictorial Story

ELECTRA

THE FIRST OF THE TWO SOPHOCLES PLAYS PRESENTED BY GUTHRIE McCLINTIC AND PRODUCED BY THE NATIONAL THEATRE OF GREECE.

(Staged by D. RONDIRIS)

ELECTRA:

Electra (K. Paxinou) and Chorus

(Photo Nellys)

ELECTRA: Clytaemnestra (A. Raftopoulou) and Electra (K. Paxinou)

(Photo Nellys)

ELECTRA:

The Chorus

(Photo Nellys)

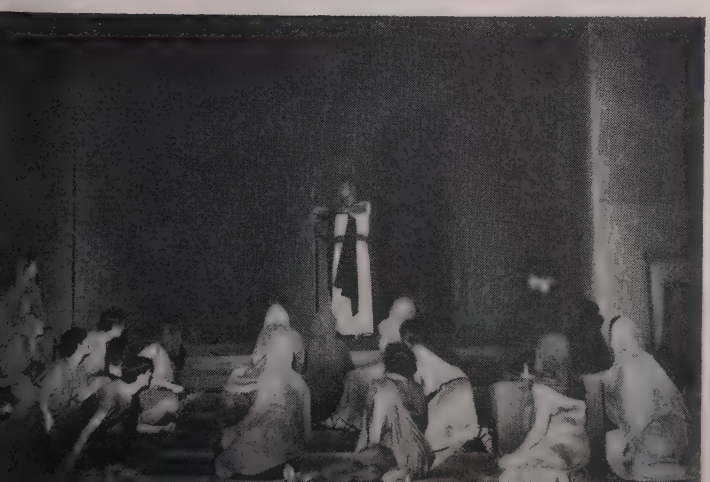
OEDIPUS REX

THE SECOND SOPHOCLES OPUS THAT THRILLED AMERICAN AUDIENCES AT THE MARK HELLINGER THEATRE, NEW YORK.

(Staged by ALEXIS MINOTIS)

OEDIPUS TYRANNOS:
Katina Paxinou as Jocasta

OEDIPUS TYRANNOS: The prophet Teresias and King Oedipus
(Photo Nellys)



OEDIPUS TYRANNOS:
Alexis Minotis as King Oedipus before the people of Thebes
(Photo Nellys)

IV.

The Chorus

By JOHN MARTIN

Theatrical Synthesis of Classic Greece and Sources of Its Power

The recent season of the National Theatre of Greece, for all its brevity, was both a heartening and a revealing experience; heartening in that it showed us that the potent magic of that heroic synthesis we call theatre can be evoked today as surely as it was more than two millenniums ago and by the very same means; revealing in that, by a combination of intent and circumstances, it threw light upon some truths about the relationships beween various elements in this great synthesis which has long been forgotten and, indeed, seldom known.

In their productions of the "Electra" and the "Oedipus," Katina Paxinou and Alexis Minotis and their colleagues in no wise attempted an archaeological reconstruction of the classical theatre; bookishness would have killed their approach. The essential thing of antiquity that they invoked was the awareness, perhaps in their racial heritage, that the classical theatre was in its very essence a theatre of performance. Not by accident was the word "drama" applied to it, for drama is a word of action; it says nothing of fine writing or interpretative reading, but means something done, something performed.

Words Without Movement

In the terminology of the contemporary theatre we have kept many words with this same implication—drama, acting, play, chorus, orchestra—but little by little we have read the movement out of them and left chiefly literary, musical and elocutionary residues. In doing so we have separated ourselves from a just enthusiasm for the ancient theatre of the Greeks. The few plays that remain to us in print, and the even fewer that we see put upon the stage, generally strike us as being, of all things, wordy, for the simple reason that we treat the texts as self-sufficient artifacts. Actually they are nothing of the sort; they are merely something to be performed. Their twofold function is to stimulate the performer into creativeness and to provide a formal frame to contain his creation.

Balanchine has said of music for the ballet that it is a "floor for dancing," and the text of drama serves a comparable purpose. It is the music of the drama, a floor for that broader kind of dancing which includes the full use of all the resources of the body, including the voice. This total body is the instrument of the classic chorus, and the chorus is the soul and substance of the ancient drama.

If the text of Sophocles employed by the Greek National Theatre had been translated into English, we should all have been the losers, for we should have struggled to understand it, and allowed the performance to slip past us unnoticed. To better ends, the performers understood the text for us and translated it into the extra-rational terms of artistic experience, which in the theatre operates whole and only in terms of the immediacy of creation.

Even if the text had been in English, we should have understood little of it, for the words are full of poetic and religious allusions that elude the ear. One wonders how much the audiences in the vast amphitheatres of long ago understood, especially of the choric odes, which in many of the plays are far from simple even under diligent study. But the dramas were conceived on hieratic themes already deeply familiar to all the spectators, and what they expected was not narrative unfoldment but emotional purgation, excitement, exaltation.

When in the recent presentation of "Oedipus" (to take a striking example) the chorus of men, handsomely garbed, wigged, bearded, beautifully voiced, at a moment of high tension broke into song and moved in absolute unison into the simple measures of a dance—call it kolo, hora, pas de bourrèe, what you will—one had a vivid experience of this emotional purgation, excitement, exaltation.

Ages ago, before the dithyramb was ordered into a form, when a company of simple and passionate men danced and sang in unison their otherwise inexpressible reactions to certain aspects of their common life, it is easy to understand how the body of mass emotion should have become so tangible as to be personified by them into the presence of a god whom they named Dionysos. Since we are less mystic and more analytical today, we name it rather "performance," but recognize it equally as magic.

Choric Concept

To be sure, this ecstatic quality has long since passed out of the drama. It began to be refined out of existence when oratorical and non-choreographic actors were added one by one to take precedence over the chorus, and as it faded it took the drama with it into decline. That the National Theatre was able to restore so powerful an element of it is one of the theatrical marvels.

Because the conception of the productions is basically choric, the entire vocal aspect of the performance assumes a form akin to that of dance. After all, the ultimate basis of music for dancing consists of what the dancer himself would sing as he moves, and that is perhaps a possible description of the way in which speech and chant and song are integrated here.

The rhythm of the scenes flows from almost colloquial speech accompanied by almost colloquial gesture; to semi-intoning and a more abstracted gesture where the action becomes more elevated; and into actual song and dance where emotion transcends rational expression and cannot be contained. Here, of course, is where the chorus takes over completely.

One must, however, redefine dance in a measure, for both the men of "Oedipus" and especially the magnificent women's chorus in "Electra" made clear that standing perfectly still can be a part of moving. The modifying tensions of fifteen concentrated bodies under the spell of a heroic dramatic conflict constitute the basis of an absorbing dance,

(Continued on Page 32)

V.

The Aesthetics of Production of the Greek Play

By DIMITRI RONDIRIS, Director of the National Theatre of Greece

DIMITRI RONDIRIS was born in 1899. Studied law, but very soon gave it up in favour of the theatre, and in 1919 he became an actor. Until 1927 he was both acting and teaching at the Dramatic School of the Conservatoire Nationale, and from 1927 to 1929 he produced several Greek operas. As an actor he was highly succesful in young leading parts mostly in classical plays. In 1930 he won a bursary at the Academy of Athens and the Royal Theatre and went to Vienna and Berlin to study directing at the Max Reinhard Seminary and also at that well-known producer's theatre in Berlin. In 1933 he returned to Athens and became director at the Royal Theatre, where he has directed various international as well as Greek successes.

DIMITRI RONDIRIS

Some of the plays directed by Dimitri Rondiris are:

AESCHYLUS': The trilogy of Oresteia (Agamemnon, The libation bearer, The Eumenides) and The Persians
SOPHOCLES': Oedipus Rex and Electra.
EURIPIDES': Hippolytus.
SHAKESPEARE: The Merchant of Venice, Twelfth Night, Hamlet, King Lear, King Richard the Third, Henry the Fifth, Much Ado About Nothing, Richard the Second, The Taming of the Shrew, The Tempest.
O'NEIL: Desire Under the Elms, Beyond the Horizon.
JOHN PATRICK: The Hasty Heart.

—:—

The present National Theatre of Greece was established twenty years ago.

During this short period of its existence the Greek Theatre has created its own style and has become a unique institution in the life of the country. The group has had a varied theatrical experience, but from the very beginning, the National Theatre of Greece took it upon itself to specialize in the production of the Greek classical plays. As a matter of fact, in this sector it had had any number of important successes. Still, for reasons which I will not enumerate here, it could not create a so to speak permanent tradition. This, the new management of the Theatre will now attempt to accomplish.

It is to be expected that we who were born in Greece, where every step no matter where you turn, reminds one of some historic past; it is true I say, that of all peoples, we should feel deeper the moral responsibility to revive the art which was born and found its noblest expression in Hellas, namely: Dramatic Poetry.

We further realize the difficulties that beset us. Many problems are not easy of solution. One such problem is the handling of the chorus. It is a crucial problem and pretty nearly insoluble. We approach it carefully. We do know that whatever course we take will not be the perfect solution. It will be only a step, perhaps, in the course we expect to take. In a case like that one depends largely on faith and enthusiasm. We will lean greatly on those who have preceded us. We will dig up all the research work that went in the founding of our National Theatre.

We call for the cooperation of experts, such as our great Marika Kotopouli. And so we hope that our attempt eventually will succeed.

Here I believe we should state a few of the ideas we intend to follow vis-avis the various problems referred to above, and particularly the most momentous one, that of the Chorus.

For some years now we set a definite policy for all these problems, and we persisted in carrying out that policy. Today our policy is still the same.

In other words we believe that, a faithful reproduction on the stage on an ancient tragedy, even though it is true in all its details, containing all the elements an ancient spectator expected to see in such a production, will not do for the modern spectator. It will not do for the simple reason that such a production, even if it were to be historically correct, (a quite improbable assumption) for us it will merely have an archeological interest. In other words it will be a dry historic exposition, of interest to archeologists only. What should interest all of us however is the revival of the spirit of tragedy, its essence.

Assuming further that much that is contained in the plot of an ancient tragedy or play is necessarily uninteligible to the modern theatre-goer, there is in my opinion only one way by which we can communicate the tragic heights and the holy ecstasy felt by the ancient spectator of these masterpieces to the modern theatre goer, and that is to quit trying to reproduce such a play historically correct and to seek to get the spirit of the play in us by emphasizing the eternal human truths that are embedded in the ancient "logos" the ancient play. In other words in producing the Greek play we must find means by which we will impart to the modern spectator the same feelings that moved the soul of the ancient man while attending such a performance 2500 years ago.

It is also a well known fact that the Chorus, ever since the birth of Tragedy, sang and danced. It was the lyric leg of the production while the "protagonistes" or actors handled the dialogue. We have tried of course, cognizant of the proportions, to find a relative solution. The chorus recites in unison, in rhythmic tempo or by monologue, usually being accompanied by a music which is used more to mark the rhythm than for any other purpose.

The rhythms however are varied and interchangeable and they express an internal necessity **(ananghe)** which derives from the sentiments to be expressed. The same holds true with the movements of the chorus. This rhythmic monodic action of the chorus in those parts where the lyric contents of the text rise to ecstasy, and by virtue of its various frequent movements and gestures often ap-

(Continued on Page 23)

Three Poems by George Themelis

Translated by JOHN DAWSON

GEORGE THEMELIS was born in 1900 at Samos. He studied literature at Athens University and graduated as a lecturer. Since 1930 he has been settled in Salonica.

GEORGE THEMELIS

At an early age he began writing poety and his poetry appeared in differtnt magazines.

He has published the following collections of verse, from which these extracts are taken: "The Naked Window" 1946; "Men and Birds" 1947; "Return" 1948; "Ode" 1949; "Suite" 1950. In addition his lyric play "Didoh" was published in "New Hestia" New Hearth. He has also published his essay "Hymn to Freedom— by D. Solomos" besides contributing of articles and essays to various magazines.

THE DESERTED TAP

I have walked and thirsted.

Who knows how many steps have passed, how many faces
Have impressed their shadow upon the stone
Broken carvings broken meanders
Sculptured roses and hair plucked to dust.

The fountain knows nothing
It understands no uttered language
as a child with a green heart
Listens to its own song.

Eye grown immense out of crying
There is no way of my boring the wall,
Of my rushing with a naked wing into the danger.

Birds only know the whole space
Between the high line and the unknown wave
Messages of sky, favoured children of death.

Happy who talks with birds
Who drinks water in his hand looking at the sky
With a heart full of pure wind

Just as when I was a child
An angel came down on the bridge
With a firm quick pace
Between two darks

If I could train once again my heart,
Take again the way which unrolled itself,
Cry with a bird's limpidity
and suddenly stand again before the entrance of man's land
Holding in my hand a drop of eternity.

(A chance was given
The glass slipped
From the utmost anguish of my hand
But, what am I saying? all glasses are made to break).

When I shall be a bird again
Beyond the tears, near the angels
I shall celebrate the return
Bringing a handful of earth
A drop of warm earthy sorrow.

(The Naked Window, 1945)

IT IS FOR YOU

It is for you that I love the light
The men, the trees that look like you,
Whatever stirs, whatever breathes and the eternal stone
The wave sharing your breadth,
The water singing of love.

It is for you and it is you
walking in all mirrors
in everything, in all things
— my intimate brothers.

And this tender table that sees
Your hands like two feathers in its sleep
And this tender table that hears
Your secret echo in its thick silence.

It is my heart that supports you like a flag
It is my heart that receives you like a sky.

(Men and Birds, 1947)

GREEK LAND

I search among the ancestor's ashes

I look for the hidden corner, the secret windings
Through ruined nights and dawns with trees that stand
Bringing the mourning of time, the age of sun.
Guarding old rains, races of nightingales in the hollows of leaves
Trees motionless, stirring not the boughs of song
Grown to stony sounds.

Heavy ashes, holy soil, soil of spring of heaven,
Kneaded with purple springs with grave folds, beautiful hair and trophies of death,
Sheet of the unawakened waste, wound of beauty, cleft of the water, thirst of the cloud,

That the free souls take in their hand to plant sleep,
That the hidden bones of the dead awake to feed their last smoke,
When the north wind blows and uproots houses.

What night can extinguish the names of the god's graves
Can whither the flowers of the rocks, which death has bloomed.
If the graves sink, voices will remain,
Words of shadows going out at night to step on earth,
To lift a familiar stone and have it on them,
And burden their transparent figure, a memory of the body,
Of the beloved body made of mud and wind, sea bottom and unknown day,
With the light keel of a ship in its heart.

Land, dug by cemeteries of time and wind
In perpetual autumn of ruins, the climate of incorruptibility
The children, your young children are full of death,
Shadow of death and are able to follow its traces without trembing,
With a dull sound, multiplying their step in countless crypts,
Their hearts like an island that travels, full of lotus, cleanders, birds of another time,
Their smile, an old cracked mirror that remembers.

Eternal children, light bodies in your thin flesh
With transparent souls that ignite with nothing.
What inexorable feather, what eye has stricken you
That you have behind you so many shadows, small houses, infinite graves
And all around you sea and time time and sea and a far sky.

(Suite, 1951)

OLD ATHENS: The Theseion

(Old copper etching sent to Athene by P. Phocas)

●

The Herodes Atticus Theatre, in Athens.

(Old etching sent to Athene by P. Phocas)

●

ZAKYNTHOS-LAGANAS:

A painting by Haricleia Xenopoulos, sister of the Greek dramatist who died last year

FULL SCIENTIFIC HONORS

By PAUL NORD

The most magnificent victory parade ever held in the vast Oloros Field in Fabol, Capital of Paromythia, was over. The Corps of Scientists in their uniforms of cosmic rays had been particularly impressive.

Right after the parade and after the masses of Paromythians were carted off to the People's Barracks, prifessor Agnos Akus, the Dean of Paromythian scientists, went to see Sir Anik Tirmon, Supreme Scientific Coordinator. He was escorted by his personal guard of Cosmicos consisting of a body of robots commissioned to professor Akus for his protection and also for sheer State security reasons.

As soon as he was admitted into the presence of the Coordinator:

"My dear professor," said the latter, "I am exceedingly honored in welcoming you to my office. On behalf of our illustrious Leader and myself, I wish to extend to you our heartiest congratulations for your invaluable contribution to the crushing victory we have won over the enemies of our beloved country."

"This is an exaggeration, sir, if you permit me to say so. My collaborators and I would be in no position to accomplish anything of importance without the means that were placed at our disposal. Our contribution has been so insignificant as compared..."

The official did not let bim complete his phrase.

"I wouldn't call insignificant the harnessing of the incalculable energy nature has stored in the element of 'melon' and the power to release it, professor," he said. "You have put your finger in the very core of the principle of creation of life and of its destruction," he continued with vehemence," and you call this insignificant?"

He paused dramatically.

"Modesty is a real scientist's most commendable virtue," he went on appreciatingly. "I am afraid though your modesty will be put to a more crucial test by the announcement I have been commanded to make to you of more signal honors that have been awarded to you. But first will you please, professor, let me know if there is any request that you want us to consider?"

Professor Akus hesitated for a moment.

"You can speak freely, professor."

"Thank you, sir. On behalf of my collaborators and myself, I beg of you to let us return soon to the works of peace that were interrupted by the recent war . . . It is our opinion that all our future efforts ought to be devoted to the exploitation of the unbounded resources of energy contained in the meion for the further advancement of science and the betterment of life."

There was a moment of portentous suspense. Then the Scientific Coordinator spoke with a grievous intonation in his voice.

"I was apprehensive of that, professor . . . I was wishing that you wouldn't say those words which have confirmed our suspicions about your way of thinking—or should I say feeling. You see, professor, all during the time you were engaged in your work on the meion an inner-thought-registering robot was assigned to your person. It was watching you day and night and was reporting to us . . . "

The official thought for a minute before continuing.

"You are a wonderful man of science, professor and a great patriot. But you are, at the same time, an incorrigible idealist."

He stopped again as though waiting for these flattering utterances to strike home.

"You are an incurable pacifist, professor Akus. You have resolved deep in your heart that there is no need for new wars, that wars can and must be avoided . . . We cannot afford to concur with this view, professor. Paromythia has to remain in a state of war permanently, unrelentingly, against all potential enemies, external or internal if it is to stay alive. It is only in a graveyard that peace can find its ultimate consummation" the official pontificated. And with the tone of a man resenting a further waste of words, he resumed with an air of finality.

'I am left no alternative than to request of you to go to retirement, professor Akus. But we would like you to retire with all the dignity and honor due to you."

Without allowing any time to the professor for his reaction, or for even registering his emotions, Sir Anik Tirmon mustering all the formality he was capable of assuming to his command, addressed him as follows:

"I have been entrusted, professor Akus, with the most gratifying commission by the Politpresidium: Beside the conferring upon you of the Medal of Unexcelled Services to our country, I am going to enumerate for you the additional honors that have been bestowed upon you.

It has been resolved in an extraordinary session of the Politpresidium that one of the principal Squares of our Capital shall bear your name with your bust mounted on a pedestal in its center.

It has been decreed that your native town shall be known from now on as Akusville.

After your death your brain shall be encased in a golden shrine and shall be placed in the National Museum of Scientific History."

Sir Anik Tirmon remained silent for a moment. Then he spoke slowly, solemnly.

"Arrangements have been already made for your immediate interment in Morlathon National Cemetery."

And in a more solemn tone, he added:

"It has been unanimously decided to render you Full Scientific Honors."

THE FINAL CHAPTER of DEMETRA VAKA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

America's Exotic Author of Greek Descent

CHAPTER XXVIII

Approach of Catastrophe

The 'cure" at Bad Ems was arduous. Beginning at six o'clock in the morning, all day long —with short intervals of rest—I was either sipping the waters, taking baths, or having massage. To be sure, at the end of the cure, I felt fine, and for the rest of the summer was entirely immune to grass and flowers. Dr. Vogel wanted me to take an "aftercure" at Langenschwalbach but we could stand the Germans only so long, and always returned to England with a feeling of relief.

After a few days in London, we went on to Pwellheli in Wales, which, to our surprise, we found seething with nationalism, and agitating to have Welsh used in schools and courts with English only a secondary language.

To the daughter of the house, who served our meals, I argued that to develop Welsh at the expense of English would tend to isolate them. Their writers would be lost to the world. Where would George Bernard Shaw, George Moore, and the Irish Players be if they wrote and spoke Gaelic.

The next day our landlord, after taking our orders for marketing, lingered to observe impressively: "Madam, I wish to tell you that Welsh is an ancient and pure language—not like Greek, which is mostly composed of Latin."

This nationalistic agitation in Wales, the perennial Irish intransigence, the low state of the working people in England, compared with the easy-going life of the well-to-do classes, all gave us the impression that England was almost second-rate, compared with well-regulated Germany. Yet in spite of the latter's efficiency, I felt that Germany was jealous of England to a degree that must end in an attack on her—a danger to which England seemed sublimely—or foolishly indifferent.

We had come to Pwelheli because it had been recommended to us by an English lady in Florence, a good golfer, who promised to play with my husband in the tournament there. When the time came, however, our lady friend was invited to play in the mixed doubles by the best golfer in Pwellheli. She accepted, airily saying to Kenneth Brown: "Oh, I knew you would rather play with your wife."

He wouldn't at all, being very keen on winning. Halfway around the course we came upon the faithless lady and her partner, and asked how they were making out.

She told us a score for the first nine holes far below anything we could hope to achieve, even with our handicap. So after finishing the round we went home and had tea, before returning to the clubhouse.

A committeeman called out to me to hurry, since they were about to photograph the winners.

"I have won nothing," I protested. (Kenneth Brown had won one of the other competitions).

"Yes, you have," he contradicted, and it turned out that we had just won the mixed foursomes and a pair of silver candlesticks. The English lady had given us an entirely fictitious score, and finished her match not on speaking terms with her partner.

Golf, however, did not engross me as much as it did my husband. In the London Times I followed the foreign news, and read how the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs declared he stood for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Then the Crown Prince of Turkey was received in Rome with marked honors. Did all this indicate that Turkey was about to join the Triple Alliance?

Alas, this display of friendship was but the bouquet of flowers that hid the dagger. In September Italy alleged that her people in Tripoli were being ill-used by the Turks, and presented an ultimatum that no self-respecting government could accept.

The Young Turks had been in power only three years, and though they had imported German officers to reorganize their army, Italy knew they were no match for her.

Turkey appealed to Great Britain and France for arbitration; but they feared that Italy (a member of the Triple Alliance) must have the backing of Germany, who was still smarting under the diplomatic defeat of the Agadir Incident—and did nothing. It was the first act of the cowardly appeasement policy.

Italy attacked Turkey, took Tripoli and Cyranaica, and her African empire began to expand. She also occupied the Dodecanese, the twelve Greek islands still under Turkey, whose inhabitants welcomed her as a deliverer, because she falsely announced that her occupation was to be only temporary.

While Italy was fighting Turkey, the other Balkan people began to suspect that their turn would come next. And since the democratic nations appeared to be utterly supine before the Triple Alliance, they started developing the Balkan Confederation.

At this time, if our own foresight had been as good as our hindsight, we should have travelled straight from Wales to the Near East, since that was my field. But we were busy with a series of Turkish sketches for the **Metropolitan Magazine**, and sailed for America. After mapping out the series with the editor, we returned to Boston, where Miss Anna Fuller had sublet for us the charming apartment of an artist on Beacon Hill.

One wintry day I went to walk with Abbie Farwell Brown on the Charles River Embankment.

"How odd that there should be so many birds migrating at this season," I exclaimed.

"Where?" she asked.

'Over there—a whole flock of them."

There were no migrating birds, but a mysterious disease in my left eye, concerning which a number of doctors in Boston and New York disagreed. I was relegated to my loft, blindfolded, while those sketches seethed within me.

The resourceful Miss Fuller brought in Miss Littell, the blind daughter of Littell's Living Age, who went about Boston as freely as if she could see. She gave me a ridged tin sheet, and showed me how to lay paper on it and write, my pencil guided by the ridges.

Perspiration poured down my bandaged eyes as I struggled to achieve this, and gradually succeeded—while for the first time I wrote legibly. My concentration was perfect, and I was not depressed so long as I was working. The sketches were full of sunshine and icy, and after running in the **Metropolitan** and the **Outlook**, were brought out by Houghton Mifflin as "A Child of the Orient."

Finally to one of the New York doctors I ventured to suggest that the different operations I had undergone for hay fever, from time to time, and the palliatives I had put into my eyes, when they were itching and inflamed, might have brought about the trouble. Would it not be better to go back to Bad Ems and complete the three year cure.

He agreed that it might help, "and anyway you don't want to keep on being an experimental rabbit." So we sailed for Germany, taking with us one of my former pupils in the Comstock School, Marion Harding, who had grown into beautiful womanhood.

We planned to consult Dr. Pagenstacher, who had a great reputation among Americans. Dr. Vogel, however, sniffed at the idea "Pagenstacher was only good for Americans who had more money than they knew what to do with." He advised us to go to Dr. Hoffmann, who stood high among his colleagues in Germany, and fortunately lived in Coblenz, only a short rail trip from Ems.

Dr. Hoffmann represented all that was best in pre-war Germany. He was thorough and conscientious, and after painstakingly examining my eyes he said: "I don't know exactly what is the matter with your eye, but there is an adhesion in your pupil which may cause blindness. I shall try to break it, by applying atropine to enlarge the pupil, and then in a few days, pilocarpine, to contract it."

After three treatments he said: "There is no need of your taking this journey to Coblenz so often. Your husband can put the drops in your eyes, as I shall direct, and after a few weeks you can come back to me."

Before the cure ended at Ems, the trouble in my left eye was arrested, though it had lost its vision, but my right eye was saved. "For a year you must wear black glasses, have your eyes massaged, and be out of doors as much as possible."

The best way to follow this regimen was to spend the winter in Switzerland, and since Marion wished to remain with us, we three rented a furnished apartment on the heights of Territet, close to Montreux, here was an eye doctor recommended by Dr. Hoffman, to whom I went twice a week for treatment. The black glasses did not prevent me from playing golf at Aigle, a few miles up the Rhone valley. We had a maid, a peasant, grammar-school educated, who not only did all the housework and laundry to perfection, but whenever we were uncertain about the spelling of a French word, or the boundary of a European country, we appealed to her, and she would instantly supply the information in a crisp sentence, as if reciting before an examination board.

A balcony ran across all the front of our apartment, where we could sit on warm days and enjoy the view of the lake and the Alps opposite, the Castle of Chillon to the left, and beyond it the Rhone valley and the Dent du Midi. The outlook, both physical and spiritual was of the pleasantest until October, when war broke out in the Balkans. To Marion and to my husband this was just another European squabble. To me it was the continuation of the Greek War of Independence, which began in 1821. Would it at least enable the blood-soaked island of Crete to be joined to the mother land, as well as all the small Greek islands which are the market-gardens and providers of Hellas? It was the war, the anticipation of which had filled the early years of my life in Turkey, when we used to whisper: "Courage! for tomorrow will be better."

Had that morrow come, now that Greece was governed by Eleutherios Venizelos, the great Cretan statesman, who had been called from the island to guide the destinies of the Hellenic race? His first achievement had been the formation of the Balkan Confederation, which now felt strong enough to attack Turkey, to liberate the Christian race from its yoke.

Avidly I read the newsppers, in which the war was described like a football game, with the chancelleries of Europe betting on the Turks.

An attempt has been made by historians favorable to King George I, to give him the credit for the formation of the Balkan Confederation. In 1917. Mr. Venizelos told me that the king was opposed to the Confederation, and was not even in Greece when the Balkan prime ministers decided on war against Turkey.

Venizelos went out in a little steamer to meet the king, and appraise him of the steps taken by the Balkan ministers. King George, in great agitation exclaimed: "You can't do that, Venizelos. The Great Powers will never allow it. They are not going to let you little Balkan fellows drive the Turks out of Europe. Austria, especially, will oppose Greece's taking Salonika. Every year, as I pass through Vienna, I pay my respects to the emperor —and I know positively that Austria means to annex Salonica."

"Well, sire, we'll take it first, and Austria can take it from us."

"Venizelos, I tell you I'm not in favor of this war. Let the Great Powers decide all those questions."

"Sire, the Balkan people are united. The time for listening to the unfulfilled promises of the Great Powers has passed. We are taking matters into our own hands, and intend to drive the Turks out of our land."

But King George, bound by the secret Anglo-Danish treaty pledging him to refrain from "insurrectional movements against Turkey," wanted to keep to that agreement. Great Britain had ceded to Greece the Ionian Islands—which brought to the king personally ten thousand pounds a year—on condition that the Turks should not be molested. If he went back on that agreement, Great Britain might dethrone him.

"Venizelos," he cried, "you had no right to enter into all those arrangement without my consent."

"You are a constitutional monarch, sire. Power is invested in your prime minister."

"But what am I to say to the Great Powers?"

"Say nothing!"

"Greece will be beaten, as she was in 1897."

"In 1897 Greece had no army, sire. She now has one trained by the French Military Commission. She was alone in 1897. She has allies now. If Italy could beat the Turks, the Balkan people, who are better fighters, will drive them out of Europe."

King George strode up and down the deck of the steamer.

"My policies, sire, are Greek—and you are the king of Greece."

King George, though not an able man, knew when to give in. Venizelos was the strongest prime minister modern Greece had had, and the whole country was behind him. The king had been unable to break him, as he had broken Charilaos Trikoupis, whose policies Venizelos was closely following.

"What do you expect me to do, since I am not in accord with you?"

"When you land, sire, say to the people: 'Have faith in your government.' "

To the dismay of the Great Powers, the Balkan Confederation beat the Turks everywhere. Right and left Greek lands were freed, and as Venizelos had anticipated, Salonica fell to the Greeks. France and England began to move their navies menacingly, and the chancelleries of Europe notified the Confederation that they could go no farther. Had they been allowed to, they undoubtedly could have driven the Turks out of Europe altogether. The Greek navy —no longer commanded by the king's second son, but by Admiral Coundouriotis—prevented the Turks from bringing any reinforcements into the Balkans.

Unfortunately, after beating the Turks, a dispute arose between Bulgaria and Serbia. Secretly Austria notified Ferdinand of Bulgaria that she would back him, and urged him to attack Serbia and Greece, and take Salonica from the latter.

Confident of success, Bulgaria fell upon her allies, which was a crime not only against them, but against the whole world; for had the Balkan Confederation remained intact, Austria would not have dared attack Serbia in 1914, which set off the first world war.

In this fratricidal Balkan war, Bulgaria was badly beaten; but Austria and Italy, setting aside old animosities, joined to defraud Serbia, Montenegro and Greece of their gains on the Adriatic. Greece was even forced to cede to Albania land which she had held since 1864—for Italy was grooming Albania to become an Italian protectorate.

Thus, in treachery and injustice, the curtain went down, in 1913, on the Balkan wars—to be raised in 1914 on the First World War, which prepared the way for the ultimate in slaughter and destruction from 1939 to 1945. THE END

THE GREEK SOUL AND THE DEFENSE OF OUR WESTERN DEMOCRACY

(Continued from Page 4)

lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations".

In that eternal struggle for the preservation of the threatened values of our Western, our Greek Christian civilization, the United States by some unknown behest of Destiny or rather Providence has been called to play a leading part. Like a new Byzantium the great American nation is today protecting Europe against conquest-thirsty Asiatics.

Almost daily we have the warnings of responsible leaders that the immediate threat of civilization lies in the clash of two opposing ideologies, that of the West on one side and of Communist Russia on the other. It may be considered a paradox if it were to be argued that, perhaps, such a clash has never occurred; that, perhaps, the threat to civilization lies not in the clash of ideologies but rather in the very absence of the clash! Let us, however, ask ourselves whether we have until now confronted Russia, as we ought to have done, with the strongest ideology of the West. Let us become aware of the urgent necessity to oppose Moscow with the moral courage, the honest, uncompromising thinking, the spiritual convictions that are the true heritage of our Western world from Christ and the Greek philosophers. The true heritage that links forever the cemetery of Gettysburg with the Acropolis of Athens.

The hour for the reassessment of our Western civilization has struck. It is our common duty to meet it with the eternal Greek Christian soul rejuvenated in the fresh source of American Democracy.

Emblem from Delos

New Discoveries at Mycenae

By MAVRA JOAKIMIDES

(Athene Correspondent in Greece)

The Greek Archeological Society is continuing its fruitful excavations at Mycenae. Actually what they have accomplished so far is a curtain raiser on Greek prehistory, something in the order of Schleimann's discoveries some generations ago.

The chief of antiquities in Attica, M. Papademetriou, with the assistance of such able archeologists as George E. Mylonas, of Washington University St. Louis, Mo.; A. Keramopoulos, Sp. Marinatos and D. Theocharis have already unearthed eight graves on the north side of the Mycenae outer enclosure yard in an area of 27m.

TWO CLAY VESSELS FOUND IN THE MYCENAEAN GRAVES

These tombs belong to the middle Helladic times (2000-1600 B.C.) more near the end of this period.

Because, as Mr. Papademetriou, the man responsible for the excavations, told us, the outer enclosure of Mycenae was built circa 1650-1600 B.C.

To understand better this important archeological find, one should remember that during the proto-Helladic period (2500-2200 B.C.) that is during the bronze age, Greece was inhabited by various Mediterranean non-Greek races, so it appears from these discoveries that the first Greek races came to the peninsula during the middle-Helladic period (2200-1600 B.C.) and settled as follows: The Achaians in the Peloponnesus, the Aeolians in Thessaly and Boeotia and the Ionians in Attica, Euboea, the Isthmus and Achaia. It is then the Achaians that dominated the Argos-Mycenae regions.

Finally it is the later Helladic or Mycenean period (1600-1100 B.C.) which is the period of the greatest blossoming of Mycenean civiilzation the period of the Tholos tombs, the Cyclopean walls and the gate of the Lions. It was at the end of this period that the Trojan war was fought.

The excavations of the outer enclosures then have brought to light the first purely Greek civilization of some 3600 years ago.

This poses the question that even the Minoan civilizations on Crete could have derived from this earliest Greek cultures.

To clear up some of these points more expertly for readers of Athene, I asked Mr. Papademetriou himself for some of the answers. My first question referred to why he chose to excavate the circular site of the outer enclosure.

"The arched tomb of Clytaimnestra gave us the cue that something lies in the circular site outside the Mycenae Acropolis was the answer. I noticed then", continued Mr. Papademetriou, "that the soil which was being brought up west of the Tholos of the tomb, contained many pieces of utensils of the middle-Helladic period. I also noticed that the soil was blackish such as one gets from corroding organic matter. I therefore asked that no more soil be drawn up and I asked a local archeologist from Nauplion to watch the excavations. Soon the first tomb was discovered. Inquring further I found sections of the circular enclosure which immediately I referred it to the description of Pausanias in which he says that the tombs of Agamemnon and his friends are to be found in the Acropolis, while those of Clytaimnestra and Aegistus are outside. However, it should be remembered that these tombs we have just found must be attributed to the end of the Middle-Helladic period, that is 400 years before the Trojan wars and the age of Agamemnon. But Pausanias based his calculations on the traditions of the people in 150 A.D. who knew of the Trojan war but did not know much of their more ancient history."

VASE OF EXQUISITE WORKMANSHIP FOUND IN THE THIRD GRAVE

I then asked Mr. Papademetriou what he considered as the most important finds of the current excavations.

"We have found eight graves", said he, "one of which was entered into and robbed by the peasants during the building of the new water works. Three of them were small, containing one skeleton each. The others were family affairs and yielded more skeletons each. All belonged to prominent people of the period, somewhat richer than what

ENGRAVED AMETHYST GEM OF RARE ARTISTIC VALUE FOUND IN GRAVE THREE

has been our experience so far with middle-Helladic graves. In some we have found ornaments of the so-called later Mycenean periods, of the same age probably as those found by Schleimann in the dug up (Schachtgruber) graves in the Mycenae Acropolis.

"In my opinion they are all important finds. The bronze, gold and silver ornaments as well as the many clay utensils found in them. Just to give an idea of the finds, in the third grave which is the largest and most important by far, we found: 1) 45 clay vessels with beautiful decorations; 2) Eighteen bronze swords, knives, etc.; 3) A mask made of Electron, that is, a mixture of gold and silver; 4) Three alabaster sword hilts; 5) Three ivory hilts; 6) Two gold cups; 7) Three other gold head ornaments (gold band etc.); 8) Two bronze utensils; 9) Two silver utensils; 10) A necklace of bronze and semiprecious stones, one of which an amethyst is beautifully engraved." (See figure on this page).

GOLD ORNAMENTS FOUND IN GRAVE EIGHT

"Are you satisfied," I asked? "And what comes next?"

"The results surpassed our expectations. This is the first time in 75 years since Schleimann that we discover dug up graves and practically in the same location. Whats more, when Schleimann made his momentous discoveries he did not possess the scientific knowledge about prehistory and the customs

A TYPICAL TOMB WITH SKELETON AND FINDINGS

of those periods. Consequently many erroneous deductions therefore were entertained then, but now our knowledge is more complete. As an example when Schleimann discovered three tomb-columns without base it was assumed that was their original design. However we also discovered such columns but with bases. Profiting from this experience I searched in the area where the Schleimann columns were found and I discovered pieces which were parts of the bases, which up to now no one suspected they were there. This year we excavated only one third of the enclosure. So you see we have much to do yet."

"How do these finds influence our knowledge concerning the origins of Greek civilization?"

"These finds and particularly the ceramics will help up to set the circumstances and the approximate dates around which the first Greek civilization developed in the Peloponnesus."

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER, GREETING THE NATIONAL DIRECTOR OF THE GREEK-AMERICAN DIVISION — GEORGE PAPANICOLAS — ON HIS CAMPAIGN TRAIN TOUR — AND CONGRATULATING HIM FOR THE EXCELLENT WORK OF HIS DIVISION.

Successful Greek-Americans

George Papanicolas

of Washington, D. C.

By M. E. AXEARLY

Decorated by a king, and being recognized in the inner circles of the mighty Republican Party as a nationalities stalwart and expert, these are only two milestones in the successful career of George Papanicolas, of Washington, D. C., an immigrant lad who made good in this wonderful land of opportunity and freedom.

George Papanicolas was born in Siatista, Greece, Nov. 8, 1908, of sturdy Macelonian stock; his father and mother being the Rev. John Papanicolaou and Visiliki Papanicolaou. The patriotic activities of his father in behalf of his native land, are indeed well known, and he has played an important role in the liberation of Macedonia.

When the family arrived in America, Rev. Papanicolaou was appointed pastor of the Greek Orthodox Church of Holy Trinity in Buffalo, N. Y., and served the Greek community there for a number of years with distinction. George attended public school there.

In 1931 the Papanicolaou family moved to Washington, D. C., where the father assumed the duties of pastor at the St. Sophia Greek Orthodox church. George, now 22 (contiinued his pre-legal studies at the George Washington University and a year later he entered the Georgetown University Law School. Upon receiving his law degree and being admitted to the bar, he began immediately his law practice in the nation's Capital thus fulfilling an important phase of his ambition.

Since then and during his 17 years of successful law practice in Washington he has handled and won some of the outstanding cases in the capital of the United States in civil and criminal practice, and today he is highly respected by the members of the bar and by the courts.

In 1941 he married the former Aphrodite Chrysson, the lovely and talented daughter of Mr. George Chrysson and the late Mrs. Mary Chrysson of Winston Salem, N. C. They have four wonderful children, three sons and a daughter.

Ever since he was a boy, George Papanicolas had shown an aptitude for business. Once when he was 12 in Buffalo, he wanted to be a salesman to help the family. Again when he was 16, he accompanied an older brother, Nicholas, to Hillsdale and then to Coldwater Michigan to assist him in the management of two moving picture houses. In 1927 with his cousin, Aris Jannis, he organized a cosmetics manufacturing supply business in New York, and in Washington while attending Law School he organized a Co-operative Buying Ass n. benefiting over two hundred businesses.

George Papanicolas' remarkable success in the financial part of his colorful life began in 1944 when he maneuvered with a capital of only $5,000.00 to purchase a five story building on upper Connecticut Avenue in Washington, for $63,000.00, and applying his managerial ability, within a year he promoted the property to earn an income of $22,000.00 per year from the initial income of $7,500.00 per year.

With the profits accruing from this real estate holding, he succeeded, in 1947, to purchase an outstanding Apartment House at approximately $500,000.00, consisting of fifty-five large living quarters, and located at the intersection of Massachusetts and Wisconsin Avenues, one of the most exclusive residential sections of Washington. In the spring of 1948, ever awake for a chance, by a

(L to R) GEORGE PAPANICOLAS MAPPING OUT HIS CAMPAIGN FOR THE GREEK-AMERICAN VOTE WITH THE HELP OF POSTMASTER GENERAL ARTHUR E. SUMMERFIELD ON HIS RIGHT, ARTHUR E. LANE, ETHNIC CO-ORDINATOR ON HIS LEFT, AND FORMER SENATOR DANAHER OF CONNECTICUT, CHAIRMAN OF THE ETHNIC DIVISION LOOKING OVER. — (Center) GEORGE PAPANICOLAS WITH THE KING AND THE QUEEN ON THE OCCASION OF HIS DECORATION BY KING PAUL OF GREECE WITH THE ORDER OF THE "GOLDEN CROSS OF PHOENIX. — Right) A RECENT PHOTO OF GEORGE PAPANICOLAS.

quick double action deal, taking a tremendous risk, he was successful in selling his Connecticut Avenue building at a substantial profit purchasing simultaneously a nine story office building, known as the Securities Building, located in the heart of the financial section of Washington, at the approximate cost of $500,000.00 Since then his ingenuity and ability made it possible for him to manage and operate his two real estate holdings in such a manner that today they represent an estimated value of about $2,000,000.00, bringing him an annual income of about a quarter of a million dollars. And to top it all, he purchased a tract of 50 acres located at River Road and Bradley Lane, one of the most exclusive suburbs of Washington, and built a magnificent home on it, and named it "The Aphrodite" in honor of his wife, the combined cost of the estate estimated at $500,000.00. The house(a veritable palace, is an architectural gem portraying Grecian classic lines blended wth early Amercan Colonial style. The interior decorations are likewise of the same happy blendings, except for the Recreation room which is known as the "Macedonian Room", the walls of which, done in murals, portray in historical sequence the life and exploits of his ancestor, Alexander the Great.

The murals were painted by the rising young Greek artist, Henri Papaso of Paris, and are, indeed, admirable works of art.

The grand opening of this magnificent home of his took place on the 17th of August, 1952, and coincided with the commencement of the Ahepa National Convention, and which opening was attended by over 5,000 Ahepa Delegates, their friends and other visitors and guests, with the Most Reverend Archbishop Michael of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America officiating in the dedication ceremonies.

Most recently, Mr. and Mrs. Papanicolas again opened the portals of their fabulous home in a reception given in honor of the Post Master General and Mrs. Arthur E. Summerfield, recently appointed member of President "Ike" Eisenhower's Cabinet, and formerly Chairman of the Republican National Committee, under whom Mr. Papanicolas served with distinction during the recent presidential elections as Chairman of the Greek-American voters throughout the Nation. The reception was an ultra exclusive affair, attended to by over two hundred invited guests, all prominent in the political, civic, financial and social life of the Capital; on the occasion, a scroll was presented to the guest of honor the Hon. Arthur E. Summerfield, by Mr. Papanicolas on behalf of the Ethnic Leaders representing many racial groups of the Nation, many of whom were present at the reception as his guests.

The organizational activities of George Papanicolas have been likewise varied with signal contributions to his adopted country America and his native country Greece.

As a loyal and progressive member of Ahepa, the national Greek fraternity, since 1932, his chapter Capital Chapter No. 236 of Washington, D. C., elected him president. Subsequently he was rewarded for his many services to the Order with the office of District Governor of Ahepa District No. 3.

In 1952 he was unanimously elected General Chairman of the Ahepa National Convention in Washington, D. C. Much of the success of this great convention is due to his efforts.

THE GEORGE PAPANICOLAS MANSION HAS BEEN NAMED "APHRODITE" AFTER MRS. PAPANICOLAS

His greatest contribution to the order of Ahepa however, he considers his election as Counselor of the Ahepa Displaced Persons Committee, serving with utmost devotion and diligence for two consecutive years, rendering inestimable service to the fraternity in its great humanitarian undertaking on behalf of the destitute and helpless refugees from Greece, victims of totalitarian aggressions.

In 1950 he was elected Supreme President of the Pan-Macedonian Federation. He also led the Pan-Macedonian excursion to Greece in the Spring of 1952.

He toured most of Macedonia and visited his birthplace at Siatista. In Salonica they were received with pomp. The local authorities organized parades and receptions in their honor. The Reception in Salonica was attended by over 500 prominent personalities including the Archbishop, the Governor General of Macedonia and Thrace, the Mayor with his council, the General Staff of the 3rd Army Corps, the American Consul General and his staff, the President of the University and the representatives of various organizations.

After visiting many reclamation projects in Macedonia undetaken by the American Aid Mission to Greece in the rehabilitation of war devastated regions he returned with his group to Athens, where he was honored by the King of Greece with the medal of the "Golden Cross of Phoenix"—a decoration awarded only to those who have unselfishly contributed to the succor of unfortunate and destitude people of Greece. His outstanding contribution, nowever, aside his many and generous monetary donations, was his intervention and leadership in the installation of a $250,000.00 waterworks project in his native town of Siatista, and other reclamation projects there and in Macedonia in general.

In 1946 he was appointed by the then Chairman of the Republican National Committee, Hon. Carroll B. Reece, to organize the Greek-American voters in the Congressional elections of that year in behalf of the Republican Party; he served the cause earnestly and efficiently. In 1951 he was appointed by the then Chairman of the Republican National Committee, Hon. Guy George Gabrielson, as Chairman of the Greek-American section of the Ethnic Origins Division of the Republican National Committee; he devoted his time and energy for a whole year, formulating his program of action and laying the foundations for the forthcoming Presidential and Congressional campaigns; he collected that year important data on all the Greek-American Organizations, Newspapers, Periodicals, Radio Hours, as well as the numbers of Greek-American population in all the States of the Union which were compiled in a book form for the guidance and benefit of the Republican Party. In 1952, he attended the Republican National Convention in Chicago, and while in that city, with the assistance of his dynamic Vice-Chariman, Van A. Nomikos, a former Supreme President of the Ahepa, he called to a meeting his Mid-Western States Directors, and outlined to them his campaign program; he then appointed many prominent citizens of Greek origin as State Directors and Members of his Advisory Board, and the organization was then complete, ready to act at the call of its Chairman.

THE OFFICIAL RECEPTION OF THE PAN-MACEDONIAN LEADER BY GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL AND VARIOUS ORGANIZATIONS OF SALONICA

In September 1952, a new Chairman was elected by the Republican National Committee in the person of Arthur E. Summerfield, a tried member of the Party—a very conscientious, capable, sincere in purpose, and charming personality. Mr. Summerfield, realizing the potential strength of the Ethnic group, called a meeting in Washington of all the Ethnic Leaders throughout the country, and after officially reappointing them to their post, he proceeded with the cooperation of his very able assistant, former Senator Danaher of Connecticut, to im-

(Continued on Page 33)

GEORGE PAPANICOLAS, CHAIRMAN OF THE ETHNIC INAUGURAL COMMITTEE PRESENTING ON BEHALF OF THE ETHNIC LEADERS A SCROLL TO POSTMASTER ARTHUR E. SUMMERFIELD, WITH FORMER SENATOR DANAHER LOOKING ON—AND THE LEADERS OF THE ETHNIC DIVISION PRESENT TO WIT: (Left to Right) VINCENT KNAUS of the Croatians, GEORGE MARDIKIAN of the Armenians, MICHAEL WARGOVITH of the Slovakians, JOHN TAUCHEN of the Czechs; FRANK GOBOZY of the Hungarians and WALTER BOEHM of the Germans — BEARING WITNESS ON THE OCCASION OF A RECEPTION GIVEN BY GEORGE PAPANICOLAS TO HON. ARTHUR SUMMERFIELD AT HIS HOME.

Modern Greek Legends

The Cicada

By THEODORE GIANAKOULIS

There once lived a miser. He was small and dark and so wrinkled and bent that he looked as if something had drawn him up into a queer, almost inhuman shape. On seeing him, everyone remarked:

"What an ugly little creature!"

But the miser was rich, the richest man in Corinthia. His barley fields, olive groves and vineyards spread from the shore of the Gulf half way to mountain Mauroros. Many poor villagers slaved for him, tilling and mowing and gathering his crops. He was a thankless and cruel master; he would not let his workers raise their heads or even stop to draw a deep breath during the harvest season.

Never smiling, never rejoicing either in the bright sunlight or in the good things his gold might have brought him, he sat all day long on a hilltop in the shade of the wild pear tree watching the harvesters as they toiled in the dust and the heat of the scorching noonday sun. He kept shouting to them in his harsh, harsh voice:

"Therèste! Therèste! Therèste!" (Reap! Reap! Reap!).

Gleaming scimitar-like scythes swung rhythmically against the heavy-tasseled barley. Thorn-pricked feet and hands bled. Lips were parched with thirst. Burning heads throbbed as they bent beneath the master's monotonous, insistent command:

"Therèste! Therèste! Therèste!"

The voice beat pitilessly upon the harvesters with the dust and the heat of the noonday sun. They longed to rest their aching backs for only a moment in the shade of an olive tree or to feel the trickle of cool spring water soothing their burning throats, but they were poor, and the miser was their master.

Suddenly one day a tortured worker raised his head for an instant, looked toward the hilltop, and with parched lips said in a bitter whisper:

"Cursed be you, cruel little creature!"

At that very moment another harvester paused long enough to murmur:

"Cursed be you, little miser!"

A third worker lifted his head and prayed silently:

"May I never see you again, dark master!"

And all over the harvest field, though no man knew that any other did likewise, all the harvesters centered their minds and moved their lips in a silent, bitter curse.

Gleaming scimitar-like scythes swung rhythmically against the heavy-tasseled barley. Thorn-pricked feet and hands bled. Lips were parched with thirst. Burning heads throbbed as they bent under the heat of the noonday sun. But suddenly the rasping voice of the master no longer beat upon them. In the stillness they began one by one to pause and glance about in wonder. They looked toward the hilltop, but none could see the misshapen form of the miser under the wild pear tree. They looked at one another inquisitively. Some moved to the shade to rest their aching backs. Some hastened to the spring to cool their lips. Others fixed their eyes searchingly upon the hilltop.

The afternoon drained away. Day was closing when the hoarse voice sounded again from the hilltop. It was like the master's voice, yet strange, metallic, inhuman!

"Has he gone mad?" a harvester asked.

"That's not his voice," said another.

"No", agreed a third one.

They dropped their scythes and climbed the hill. They did not see the miser; they only saw a tiny insect with oval eyes, black body, and shining gossamer wings. It's voice rasped the golden twilight. Shaking their heads in amazement, the harvesters knelt and made the sign of the cross murmuring: "God forgive him."

For days and days after, peasants from the fields; shepherds from the hills, and fishermen from the shores, in long lingering lines, from miles and miles around came and climbed the hill. But all they could see was the same tiny insect with the oval eyes and the gossamer wings, whose strange voice rasped the golden sunlight. Shaking their heads in amazemen they, too, knelt and making the sign of the cross murmured: "God forgive him . . ."

Ever since at harvest time the cicada sits overlooking the workers and seemingly enjoying the sight of bent backs and of gleaming scythes that swing rhythmically against heavy-tasseled wheat. And calls to them monotonously in a harsh, metallic voice:

"Therèste! Therèste! Therèste!"

THE AESTHETICS OF PRODUCTION

(Continued from Page 11)

proaches the borderland of song. Likewise its movements are a sort of dancing. We must caution however, and this is very important, that all of the above derive their being from the internal pressure of the action, of the dialogue.

We must also note this additional effect. The above considerations do not primarily fall within the province of the Chorus alone. There are moments where the actors (Protagonistes) themselves, under pressure of a lyric ecstasy, cross the boundaries of the spoken word (Dialogikos Tonos) and likewise reach the borderland of song. Thus, methodically, starting from such considerations which in themselves are musical in nature, we hope to create a combination, dance and song that will belong exclusively to tragedy.

I would also like to stress the important fact that in spite of our efforts to emphasize the humanistic element in these Tragedies, we must not overlook the religious element which is one of the main characteristics of the ancient Greek plays. We must therefore pay special attention to the ritualistic character of these productions.

With these few facts, I am sure the reader will get a glimpse of what we are trying to do. In the long run a work of art is a work of art always and explanations are unnecessary, since it speaks for itself. In the above remarks I simply sought to point out that in Greece today, among its people, one can find many of the traits of the ancients which properly used can serve as the basis for the revival of the Greek Tragedy.

Report from Athens

By
MAVRA JOAKIMIDES

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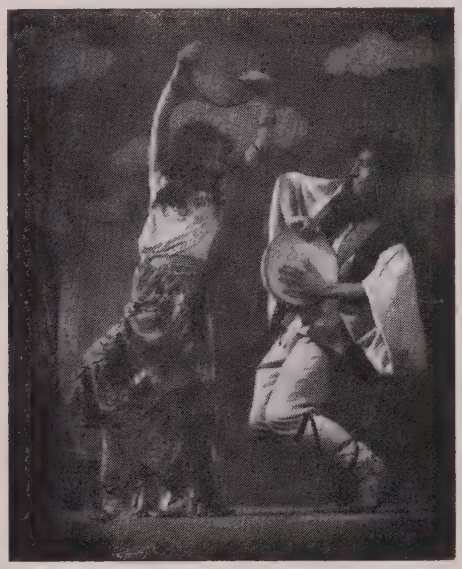
NATIONAL YUGOSLAV BALLET IN ATHENS: The Art Bureau in Athens, under the able management of Mr. Cleo Kourakos, brought back the ballet of the Belgrade Opera including the orchestra, for a repeat performance. In fact the series of appearances



THE JUGOSLAV BALLET, BELGRADE NATIONAL THEATRE. VERA KOSTICH AND DUSHAN TRINITCH DANCE THE "GINGERBREAD HEART".

of the Ballet starting October 19, opened the Winter social season.

Under the able direction of the famed Milanovitch, the Ballet presented selections by modern and classical composers. Of unusual interest was the brilliant presentation of the Yugoslav composition Gingerbread Heart, by Kresimir Moaranowvich with Oscar Danon conducting.

EXHIBITION OF SEA PAINTINGS: On the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the magazine "Nautical Greece", an exhibit of sea paintings, opened at the Parnassus Hall, October 22, 1952. Significant works of contemporary artists and artists of previous generations were exhibited. The list includes J. Altamoura, K. Volonaki, K. Vlossopoulou, N. Gyzis, N. Lytras, Nikeforos Lytras, B. Hatjis, Aim. Trosalentis and others. The organizing committee included Admirals Alexandris, D. Economou, N. Kalegoropoulos and Ep. Bambouris.

ASSOCIATION INTERNATIONALE DE L'HOTELLERIE L.A.I.H.: The International Congress of Hotel owners took place in Athens some weeks ago. It coincided with the 100th year celebration of the founding of the Hotel Grande Bretagne, famous for

THE KING AND QUEEN ATTEND THE 100th ANNIVERSARY PARTY OF THE HOTEL GRANDE BRETAGNE IN ATHENS.

generations. This hotel has been the social center of Athens for years, and still is considered the most aristocratic in the Middle East. Famous and historic meetings have taken place within its portals.

More than 22 countries were represented in the hotel men's convention. Franklin Moore, an American, president of the Panamerican group, was elected president of the world group of hotel owners and managers.

WORLD FAMOUS ARTIST IN ATHENS: Early in October there arrived in Athens the greatest sketch artist of our generation, D. Galanis, who is a native of Greece but lives in Paris and is even a member of the French Academy. Mr. Galanis came to visit his native land, to study the people and to attend the issue ceremonies of the two stamps he designed honoring the 50th Anniversary of the Greek King. He was voted corresponding member of the Academy of Athens and an honorary citizen of Athens.

D. GALANIS, WORLD FAMOUS GREEK ARTIST, ENJOYS HIS PIANO IN ATHENS.

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE FEDERATION, INTERNATIONALE DES AGENCES DE VOYAGE: This important conclave met in the halls of the Greek parliament in Athens, under the auspices of the king of Greece. Two hundred and fifty representatives of travel bureaus and agencies from all over the world were present. Object, the development of international tourism. J. F. Healy of Vanderbilt Better Tours, Chicago, was the American delegate.

PRESIDENT OF TURKEY VISITS GREECE: The courtesy visit to Athens of the president of the Turkish Republic, Hon. Tjelal Bayar, has been greeted with enthusiasm by the officials here and will serve

THE PRESIDENT OF TURKEY VISITS GREECE. HE IS STANDING NEXT TO KING PAUL, (LEFT) WITH PRIME MINISTER, GEN. PAPAGOS, ON THE KING'S RIGHT.

to better relations among the two nations. Both king Paul and the prime minister, Gen. Papagos, received their honored guest with enthusiasm and it appears that the visit was a great success.

DR. FLEMING FELLOW OF ATHENS ACADEMY: Dr. Alexander Fleming, discoverer of penicillin was elected honorary fellow of the Academy of Athens.

COMPOSER A. NEZERIDES: On the 27th of December, 1952, the Academy of Athens awarded a prize to the Greek composer Andreas Nezerides.

ANDREAS NEZERIDES
Greek Composer

This promising artist published recently three symphonies, which were played by famous orchestras in Europe and in America. Manolis Kalomoires, member of the Academy, the grand old man of contemporary Greek music and himself the leading composer in Greece, sponsored Nezerides' application for the prize.

GREEK-AMERICAN INSTITUTE: The American Ambassador, Mr. Pourifoy, accompanied by Mr. Rice, head of the U. S. Cultural Centre in Greece and his assistant, Mr. Kalligas, visited the school for

GREEK-AMERICAN INSTITUTE HOLDS COMMENCEMENT AND HEARS AN ADDRESS BY ITS SECRETARY GENERAL, MR. AVRAMIDIS.

English and American civilization of the Greek-American Institute. They visited also the classes of the College of Reconstruction of the same institute. The students received them enthusiastically and addressed them in English. Also in the party were: The Minister of Press, Mr. Kothris, who represented the governmnet, the vice-president Mr. Orphanides, the active president of the Institute Prof. Lamprinakis, the general secretary Mr. Avramides, two department managers of the Ministry of Education, Mr. Anastasopoulos and Mr. Svoronos, and from the vocational training department of the Ministry of National Economy, Mr. Stylianides and Mr. Protoulis.

KONITZA UNVEILS TRIBUTE TO THE QUEEN: The unveiling ceremonies of the heroic statue of the Queen of Greece, at Konitza, took place on January 3rd, in the presence of the Minister of

QUEEN FREDERICKA'S STATUE AT KONITSA

Defense, Kanellopoulos, the Assistant Minister of Defense, Damaratos, the Chief of Staff of the Defense Department, Ditrilakis and several others. The statue is made of bronze and is the work of the celebrated Greek sculptor, Michael Tombros.

ATHENE readers in Greece and throughout the Middle East should send all news items destined for this column direct to our Athens representative:

MAVRA JOAKIMIDES
38 Ydra Street - Athens 8, Greece

NEW YORK

By

JOHN BELASCO

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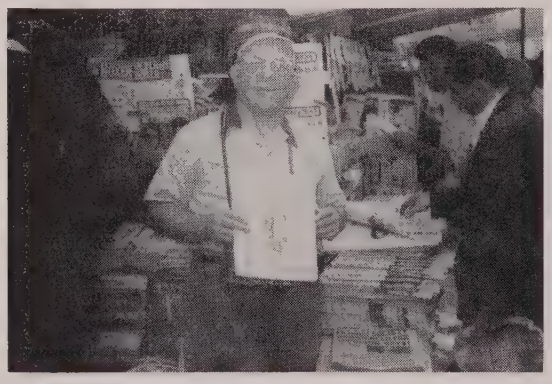
SOPHOCLES ON BROADWAY: It was a delightful treat for our Eastern Greek-American communities to be able to see and enjoy the two great tragedies of Sophocles at the Mark Hellinger Theatre, the tasty dish served us by the astute National Theatre of Greece, via Guthrie McClintic and the American National Theatre and Academy.

Mr. McClintic, a friend of Greek art, is a towering Broadway personality, director and producer.

The visiting troupe consisted of 52 artists, members of the National Theatre of Greece, all seasoned artists among the best in the world. The great Dimitri Mitropoulos wrote music for one of the plays. All of the important personages who make up this great group were excellent. Dimitri Rondiris, the manager; Scenery director C. Clonic; George Theotokas, Katina Paxinou and Alexis Minotis, the two famous stars; Rita Myrat, etc., all were excellent. Mr. Theotokas and other members of the group agreed with me that the amphitheatre should return to the Greek town, and become part of the life of the people. They promised to do something about it when they return to Greece.

KID HERMAN: In the heart of the world which is Times Square, at the southwest corner of 42nd St. and 7th Ave., is one of the busiest newstands. Its owner is the ever pleasant, ever-popular Kid Herman, who meets his public with smiles. On



KID HERMAN IN TIMES SQUARE NEW STAND HOLDING "ATHENE"

Mr. Herman's newstand are to be found publications of all sorts including the local Greek dailies and Athene Magazine. Kid Herman is an authorized agent to collect subscriptions for Athene. Forty years ago Kid Herman was reckoned as one of New York's toughest lightweight boxers. Today he is the most popular newsie man in town. He is also a devotee of Hellenic classical culture.

HEAD OF THE AHEPA EXCURSION to Greece this year is the proud pioneer Michael Loris, a distinguished Ahepan who returns to Greece for the first time in 50 years with his charming wife who is of German origin. When he arrived here from Tripolis Greece, he went to St. Louis Mo., where he taught ancient Greek at a highschool for a time. He finally entered business in New York, and although he is retired now, he was a restaurant man, a real estate broker and an insurance man.

He has been an energetic Ahepan since 1924 when he founded the Ahepa Chapter No. 41, Brooklyn, N. Y. He was also among the first organizers of the local Arcadian Society, now affiliated with the Panarcadian Federation. Mr. Loris has devoted much of his time and energy toward worthy causes,

MICHAEL LORIS

such as the Red Cross, Greek War Relief, collecting clothing for the needy in Greece and many local charitable events. In the old days he would help many an immigrant out of his difficulties. Pop Loris, as most Ahepans call him, won national fame during the War Bond drives. He was chairman of the Greek Division of the U. S. Treasury in New York, and he won many citations and tributes for this service to his country. New York Times published his picture often as a token of respect for his patriotism. In a letter addressed to him by the State Department we read in part: "I take great pleasure in informing you that you have been commissioned Four Star General in the Blue Star Brigade in recognition of outstanding service to the War Finance Committee of the U. S."

Mr. Loris, we salute you for your great efforts and wish you and Mrs. Loris, a pleasant journey.

THE POWER OF SPARTA: Athene Magazine plans a special issue this year dedicated to Ancient and Modern Sparta. Many articles will be written on the subject of Sparta and the Lacaedemonians, and we can predict that this will be a glorious issue, with many illustrations and other features of interest pertaining to the life and works of the

ancient Spartans. Lacedemonians and Maniates and Spartans who live here are invited to participate in this great issue.

ST. SPYRIDON CHURCH: The annual ball of this progressive community was held at the aristocratic Grand Ballroom of the Astor Hotel, and this year attracted more people than ever before. The phenomenal success of this social is attested also by the fact that the program book contained 226 pages a record. All this was made possible under the inspiring leadership of Mr. Constantine P. Goulandris, chairman of the committee of the ball and the other enthusiastic and hard working members of his committee. The program was brief and inviting with such important stars as Nicola Moscona on the bill.

CONST. C. GOULANDRIS

St. Spyridon Church is one of the best in this area. As you probably know the new church edifice which replaced the old one, is not fully decorated yet, although regular services are held in it. The credit for the drive for finishing the interior, as well as its success goes to such community stalwarts as Theodore P. Tsolainos, well known investment figure, and Constantine P. Goulandris, president of the Orion Shipping Co., Inc. Both contributed generously, and their example inspired other donors. The following are the officers of the Church: Theo. P. Tsolainos, President; Const. P. Goulandris, 1st Vice-President; Jason D. Chios, 2nd Vice-President; Geo. A. Diamond, Secretary and Geo. M. Tsucalas, Treasurer.

GREEK LINE BUILDS NEW LINER: We read in the newspapers that the first passenger liner built for Greek owners since 1950 is a 23,000 ton vessel under construction in Scotland. It will go into

THE NEW LINER OF THE GREEK LINE

service about mid-September. This great ship which will cost millions of dollars has no name yet, however the Greek Line has two more ships which service the Mediterranean ports, "Nea Hellas" and "Neptunia". The new ship will have room for 1300 passengers, and no doubt will service North Atlantic ports as well.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR MAYOR

City of New York
Office of the Mayor
New York 7, New York

TO OUR FRIENDS:

You will not be surprised to find that New York is big, but you will be delighted to discover that it is also friendly and typically American. For we New Yorkers are proud of our City and pleased to have a neighbor call on us.

The new thruways now completed or under construction routing traffic to New York City now make it easier than ever for motorists to get to the

HON. VINCENT R. IMPELLITTERI

worlds most exciting city. These thruways coupled with the excellent network of highways already in existence and the speedy plane, train, and bus service facilitate travel here with a considerable saving of time to the visitor.

Come and see us soon, whether it be for a long stay, a weekend or even an evening's entertainment. You will discover for yourself that our city offers the biggest vacation bargain in the world —where you get more for your money.

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BOOKS

By C. J. LAMPOS

OLOGOS RESUMES ITS WORK ON THE GREEK ORTHODOX FAITH

"This is the first movement of its kind within the Greek Orthodox Church in America."

These are the words with which His Eminence, Archbishop Michael, describes the activities of OLOGOS. A non-profit missionary team which is authorized by the Greek Orthodox Ministerial Association of the 2nd District of the Greek Archdiocese of North and South America and by the Archdiocese itself, OLOGOS has been doing radio broadcasting and pamphleteering on the Greek Orthodox faith on and off since 1948. But in Autumn 1952 it resumed on a more regular and systematic schedule. It is now issuing two 4-page pamphlets per month, sent free to Orthodox churches and youth groups throughout the United States and distributed free to their members, and a monthly 8-page booklet sent to subscribers (for a dollar per year).

Some of the pamphlet titles are "Death Is But An Episode", "The Holy Bible of 1952", "The Task of Our Orthodox Youth", "We Are Orthodox Catholic Christians", "Brotherhood", and "The Task of Our Greek Orthodox Church".

The first series of thirteen booklets, now in its third number, is dealing with the history and situation of the Greek Orthodox Church. OLOGOS (which means: Orthodox Lore Of the Gospel Of our Savior) will publish special booklets on vital subjects of our religion from time to time.

"One can find some very heart-warming, meaningful reading these days in the publications of OLOGOS," writes Katherine P. Kolocotrones. "The historical accuracy and the philosophical associations add to the religious strength of these publications." And she quotes the entire pamphlet "Death Is But An Episode" in her own heart-warming column in THE NATIONAL HERALD.

Andrew T. Cavacos calls the publication "fine and informative", and he adds in his column in THE GREEK PRESS: "Every Orthodox would benefit if he read the various works of this organization, be he a catechumen, layman or clergy. This is fine for the children and fine topic material for teachers."

OLOGOS expects to gain momentum in its work, to expand and improve its activities in order to provide a rich reservoir of inspiration and a deep moving insight into all aspects of the Greek Orthodox faith. At present it is distributing miniature icons and working on a project of providing a lending library of color slides and lectures on the Divine Liturgy. It also hopes to launch a lending library of religion books and a magazine. Its present literature is in English, but Greek booklets and leaflets will also be issued in the near future.

OLOGOS headquarters are at 5539 W. Harrison Street, Chicago 44, Illinois, the home of The Rev. George Mastrantonis, head of the missionary team.

THROUGH THE EYES OF SMALL MEN

For some 2500 years the Western World has admired and imitated Greek things but actually a thick veil has shrouded these beloved objects. We know the Greek temples only in ruins, and we see the Greek statues through Roman copies, or torn from their proper setting and deprived of head, limbs, and color. It was Winckelmann who awakened the 18th century and later times to the perfection of Classical things, but he never saw an original Greek statue. Furthermore the entire field of Greek panel and wall painting is lost to us, and Apelles and his circle are only incredible reputations to modern art lovers.

It is estimated that less than one percent of the Greek literary masterpieces have survived. We know the authors, titles, and a few quotations of hundreds of poems, plays, and other books which have been lost. Perhaps some of these were as great as the priceless treasury of Greek thought and art which did manage to come down to us. The Athenian theatre flourished for over two centuries, and we know that Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes wrote perhaps one hundred plays each, not to mention the dozens and dozens of other dramatists who often bested these four masters. But only 33 plays of these four men have survived, and we have today not a single one by the others. Even Menander, who has influenced the Comedy of Manners of so many later national theatres, is represented by two sizeable fragments which are readable only in free modern reconstructions. We have only fragments of Sappho and all the other Greek lyric poets. Most of the historical and philosophical writings of the Greeks have also been lost.

Indeed, it is impossible for us to prove whether or not Homer actually existed, and this is equally true of Thales, Euclid, andmany other great Hellenes. Someone has said that whatever has survived has done so because it was the cream of the crop. But this is a ridiculous over-simplification when we reflect that only parts of Herodotus and so many others have passed this so-called "test of time". Besides what wouldn't we give for the milk of the crop, too?

"It is not so much what we know of Greek civilization that counts," a teacher once remarked, "as how much of it has been lost to us."

And what of the things which have managed to survive? Our Protestant friends cling to a NEW TESTAMENT which, because of the fewness of Greek texts in 1611 and the shortcomings of the King James Grecians, contains five thousand errors. Jesus is credited with the silly comparison of a rich man entering Heaven no sooner than a camel will go through the eye of a needle because these scholars mistook "camellos" (rope) for "camella" (camel).

These are errors of knowledge or circumstances, but there have been deliberate tamperings as well. Cornelia Steketee Hulst has sent us an edition of Longus' DAPHNIS AND CHLOE which was published in England several generations ago. The publisher is Vizetelly & Co. of Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London but there is no date. Anyway, this exquisite tale of the growth of the sensations and expressions of love is translated by an English clergyman! The Rev. C. V. Le Grice made his translation public in 1803 but he did so anonymously. Certainly this was a naughty activity for a clergyman to be engaged in! The present volume is based on this old tradition, but the editor adds that "a rendering of the fragment subsequently discovered by Courier has been duly inserted together with other passages omitted from the Le Grice edition, so that the story as here given will be found virtually complete".

Now, this is most commendable, particularly in view of the fact that the quaint illustrations date back to French editions of 1718 and 1800. But then the editor continues: "It may be mentioned, however, that the language of Longus has in certain instances been very considerably chastened."

A comparison with a recent translation reveals that the erotica of the story is shrouded in ambiguous language or

A HISTORIC PHOTO FROM CHICAGO

A Historic Photo taken on the occasion of the visit of Generalissimo Alexander Papagos and now Premier of Greece, at the nationally known Athens Restaurant in Chicago. (L to R) His Excellency Ambassador Nicholas Lelis; the Rt. Rev. Gerasimos, Bishop of Chicago; Generalissimo Alexander Papagos, Premier of Greece; Apostle Flabouras, National Commander of Greek Veterans in America and owner of the Athens Restaurant; Chief Army Physician Tassos Moscovites and Anthony Poumpouras, Consul General of Greece in Chicago at the time and now a higher government official in Athens.

entirely deleted. Of course this edition was issued at a time when a spade was not a spade—or a pass a pass—but this gives us an idea of the liberties men of small minds have taken with the wirtings of great word-artists.

To the Greeks! Would God that we knew how really great they were!

THE LAME PHILOSOPHER

While browsing in a bookstore recently, I brushed a little book off one of the tables. I picked it up and glanced at the title.

"Who reads this old stuff?" I wondered, as I was about to toss it back on the table.

Then I suddenly stopped and turned its pages. Why do they keep on printing these old books century after century? Isn't it because their authors wrote with so much wisdom that their message is always vital and modern? I wondered what this book had to say to me, and so I bought it.

Epictetus was born in Hierapolis, Phrygia, about the beginning of the Christian era. That was a time when Greece was under the Roman heel and her ablest thinkers were lowly menials in Roman households. Some authorities affirm that Epictetus was lame from early years but others claim that his leg was broken and maimed by his master Epaphroditus, a follower of the infamous Roman Emperor Nero. There is also a legend that the old philosopher calmly discussed philosophy while his master twisted his deformed leg.

Epictetus was not only lame and a slave, but he was a victim of persecution and exile most of his life. Blunt and independent, he was banished from Rome by Domitian in A.D. 90. He fled to Nicopolis Epirus, where his school attracted many pupils. He did no writing himself but one of his disciples, Arrian took down his simple words of wisdom.

Reading his famous DISCOURSES is like listening to an actual person talking to a circle of friends. His favorite maxim is "to make the best of what is in our power, and take the rest as it naturally happens." Men have more than this paltry flesh, and they should train and use their superior faculties to support every event in life. "Have you not received a manly spirit" he declares. "Have you not received patience? What signifies to me anything that happens, while I have greatness of soul? What shall disconcert or trouble or appear grievous to me? Shall I not make use of my faculties, for the purpose they were granted me, in place of lamenting and groaning at what happens?"

These faculties, he adds, were granted to us by God (or Jupiter) so that we may bear every event without being depressed or broken by it. After all, he continues, "externals are not in my power, but my will and choice are. Where shall I seek good and evil? Within; in what is my own."

Undoubtedly referring to his disagreements with his several tyrants, he explains that a tyrant may chain a man's leg or cut off his head, but no one can take away a man's will and choice. The tyrant may be master of the body, but never of the spirit. It is easy to see why Epictetus, in days of slavery and emperor-worship, was an exile.

He expresses his forceful belief in the divinity of the human spirit. "You are a distinct portion of the essence of God, and contain a certain part of him in yourself," he states, and this is the only noble birth that impresses him.

Though he may have never heard of the Christian faith, Epictetus approaches nearer to it than any of the ancient philoso-

(Continued on Page 32)

Miss Sophia A. Kanelos Chicago Socialite Engaged to George Relias

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew G. Kanelos of 522 Jackson Avenue, River Forest, announced the engagement of their daughter Sophia to George John Relios. Sophia is currently enrolled at Florida Southern College while her fiancè is completing his graduate law-work at DePaul University.

Their engagement was made known at a gay and glittering party in the tradition of the Kanelos family.

Plans are under way for an early June wedding.

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Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Constantine Soutsos of Chicago.

Miss Mary Soutsos graduated cum laude last year from Mundelein College for women, Chicago. She was received in Kappa Gamma Pi honor society; was awarded department honors in French; was on Honor Roll of College all year; became president of French Club; was vice-president of senior class. Miss Soutsos is now teaching at St. Gertrude Elementary School, Chicago, where she has also introduced French for higher grade pupils.

Her father is the well known decorating contractor, operating under the firm name Soutsos Decorating Co., which company has done private and government work all over the country. He hails from Athens. Her mother, Mrs. Evangelia Soutsos, has been active in social and philanthropic work and currently is president of the Philoptochos. She hails from Aidin, Asia Minor.

Athene is glad to present this beautiful and talented young lady to its readers as an example of industriousness among our younger generation.

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BOOKS

(Continued from Page 29)

phers. "What else can I, a lame old man, do but sing hymns to God?" he exclaims. And this greatest exponent of the Stoic school affirms that the supreme good in life is to attain freedom of will and choice and to live without sorrow, fear, or perturbation, for such is the will of God. Each man should behave as an imitator of God.

God has intended man as a spectator and interpreter of himself and his works, and our purpose here is contemplation and understanding and a scheme of life conformable to nature. Therefore, he sends us "to live, with a little portion of flesh, upon earth, and to see his administration; to behold the spectacle with him, and partake of the festival for a short time." And we should be adoring and thankful for what we have heard and seen.

The philosophy of Epictetus is one of honor, fidelity, and justice. "Difficulties are the things that show what men are," he sums up, and no ancient or modern philosopher has expressed and lived such a brave, tranquil philosophy as this Greek slave.

THE CHORUS

(Continued from Page 10)

and any slightest deviation from this consuming stillness becomes a movement of high significance. What Agapi Evangelidou has done to build her choruses in these terms, employing generally spare and simple gesture, echoing the uncanny tonal unison of her speaking dancers, is truly superb. As drama is more than words, so dancing is more than complex kickings-up of heels.

For the "Electra" Dimitri Mitropoulos composed some beautiful and functional music, far less observant of the antique modes and traditional instruments than Mme. Paxinou's simpler music for the "Oedipus." But most of the music is actually the vocal text. When in the Messinger's speech in "Electra Mme. Paxinou makes an obbligato of cadenced wailing, here is music indeed that is pure drama. Throughout the role she uses her glorious voice not alone for its qualities of nobility, but for snarling and whining, far extending the range of normal speech in pitch, in timbre, in rhythm.

In the matter of dècor, the Greek drama is inherently weak in its own right, for these externals are no part of the performers art. The National Theatre has handled it admirably, however, with a single setting designed by C. Clonis for both plays, neither realistic nor antiquarian, but in the Appia tradition. It was wonderfully lit by Klaus Holm.

For the fresh insight into both drama and dance, as well as for a rare esthetic enrichment, one can be no less than humbly grateful. (N. Y. Times).

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GEORGE PAPANICOLAS

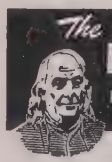
(Continued from Page 22)

press on them his program of action to be carried out in the direction of the National Campaign. The wheels of action were put to work according to schedule by each respective Chairman of the Ethnic group, and the salutary results are now well known to all of us.

The invaluable work of these Ethnic groups within the Republican Party, estimated to represent over twenty million active voters, by the ingenious methods utilized by their respective leaders during the campaign, put a definite dent in the Democratic Party's stronghold in the Labor Unions particularly, and split them in such a way that they became disorganized. An impressive number of the labor class, at it is well known, consists of foreign born American citizens and their American born descendents. The work of George Papanicolas, and his committee, among the voters of Greek-American citizens, becomes more impressive and apparent when one considers the fact that prior to the 1932 elections fully 90% of the voters of Greek-American origin voted the straight Republican Party tickets, and for reasons known to those in the "Know", switched to the Democratic Party ticket for almost twenty years in succession; but by the effective methods used under the dynamic personality and leadership of George Papanicolas, and his associates, through pamphlets, radio talks, newspaper publicity, and public rallies, a preponderant number of Greek-American voters were influenced to reenroll into the ranks of the Republican Party again and contribute to the success of the Republican Party at the recent elections.

Most recently, Mr. Papanicolas was appointed by Hon. Joseph McGarraghy, the General Chairman of the 1953 Inaugural arrangements, as the Chairman of the Ethnic Liaison Committee for the Inauguration, and it is noteworthy that for the first time in the history of our Nation's Inaugurals a member of our race was so signally honored. He persuaded

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE PAPANICOLAS AND THEIR FAMILY
(L to R) "TAKI"", ALEX, BICKY and JOHNNY



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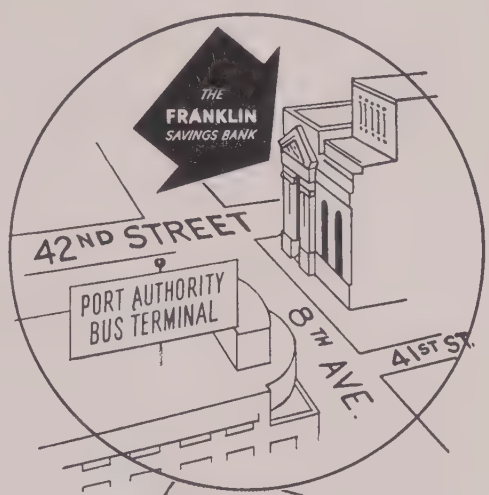

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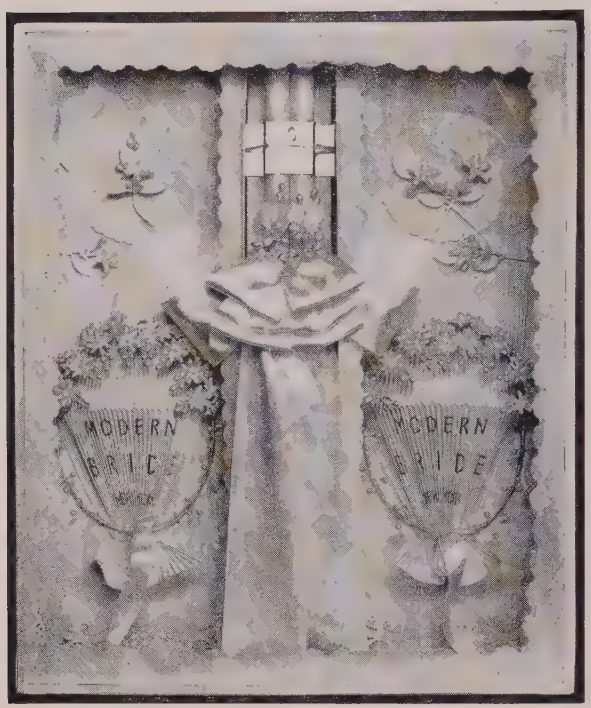

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most of the Ethnic Leaders under his Chairmanship to attend the Inaugural and contribute in the participation of a special Float in the Inaugural Parade—depicting "Freedom for Security". And when the Ethnic Leaders came to Washington, he saw to it that they and their families and guests were well housed, invited to all the Inaugural festivities, climaxing with a special Banquet in their honor at the Statler Hotel, and a reception at his palatial home. Thus, he laid the foundations of an organization intent to promote cooperation, good citizenship, mutual respect and understanding among the various racial groups, contributory to the general welfare of all in this grand and glorious country of ours, the United States of America, the country we all have come to love and cherish.

The Greek-American Community of Washington, and the Order of Ahepa in particular, should be proud of the fact that, at his insistance and request, an Ahepa Float participated in the colorful and festive Inaugural Parade on January 20th, 1953.

It must also be prominently recorded that, through his efforts, the head of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America, the Most Reverend Michael was officially invited on the special Inaugural platform and witnessed the imposing Inaugural Ceremonies inducting General "Ike" Eisenhower as President of the United States of America —and Senator Nixon of California, as Vice-President.

Characteristics and Qualifications for Leadership

The indispensable characteristics and qualifications required of an individual who aspires to leadership in our present day complex life, if benevolent results from such leadership are to be expected, may be stated in the acquisition and embodiment of the following ABC's:

A—Unimpeachable character;
B—Education;
C—Financial independence.

George Papanicolas, we firmly believe, possesses all the fundamentals of these ABC's to a very high degree, to justly aspire and assume leadership, engendering progressive and benevolent results.

It is appropriate that we enumerate and state the characteristics and qualifications of his:

(A) — He is the product of a truly Christian home and family; his moral training, his behavior, his sympathetic attitude towards life and towards his fellow men, are the results of a home upbringing—the results, indeed, of the influence exerted on him from boyhood and on by the wisdom of his gentle Father and the kindleness of his Mother, who aptly and permanently ingrafted in his being all that is desirable and admirable of a moral and spiritual value. His warm and friendly attitude, his Democratic and unpretentious approach, his refined manners, his tendency to make and hold friends, his integrity and sincerity, his generosity, kindness and sociability are, indeed, exemplary; he is courageous, considerate, hard working and possesses an indomitable spirit, with an unquenchable desire to serve his fellow men. He happily lacks that despic-

able cruelty of disposition, malice and ill nature, lacks envy—a most anti-social and odious of all passions, he is devoid of the love of domineering, detests that type of pride which derives gratification from the debasement of others, has not such egotism which thinks self and its concerns more important than anything else in life; all in all, may be justly proclaimed that the sum total of his psychic forces—his traits, habits, and thinking—which make up his being, portray his true character and personality—excelling in cultivated mental, moral and spiritual entities. The writer knew well his late Father and Mother, and they certainly have done an enviable piece of work in the moulding and formation of his character—bless their souls.

(B) — His education, profound, encyclopedic, and well balanced, having drunk deep from his classic Hellenic heritage, and his proficiency in Law, fits him well to fully qualify and satisfy the insistent demands nowadays for honest and capable public servants and leaders.

(C) — He has made his mark in the business world in a hard way, and as such he is financially independent—to enable him to avoid the pitfalls of graft, betrayal of trust, and other malfeasance in office and in life, that necessity often imposes—conditions which have disgraced many a leader and public servant, detrimental to their post in life and to the welfare of the country in general. To recapitulate, George Papanicolas is devoted to his family, he is loyal to his friends. He possesses the afore stated characteristics and qualifications, indispensable to a succesful leader, to wit: he is very well brought up, with all the admirable qualities of a truly civilized human being, he is highly educated, financial independent, with a sublime fire in his heart and mind to serve and do good to his fellow beings—an altruist in fact and concept. And he proved our premises in his case by his accomplishments to date, with a brilliant future still in store for him.

In the person of George Papanicolas, to our way of discerning the nature of things, the people of Greek origin in America came to full maturity, and may that many others will emulate and follow in his footsteps, as there is, unquestionably, urgent need of qualified, well prepared leaders to assume unselfishly and courageously the leadership of our people and lead them on to greener pasture in progress and advancement.

(Editor's Note: In view of Mr. Axearly's article above in which he so conclusively enumerates Mr. Papanicolas' qualifications and characteristics — the ABC's as he says of modern life, we earnestly feel that the immigrant boy of yesterday, now grown into the full bloom of a useful citizen, may have the honor and privilege, in some future day, to be the first of his Hellenic race in America to enter the exalted halls of the Congress of the United States of America as a duly elected member of it: the halls where for the first time in history the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness and the Bill of Human Rights were proclaimed throughout the world, true milestones of Freedom, Liberty and Justice).

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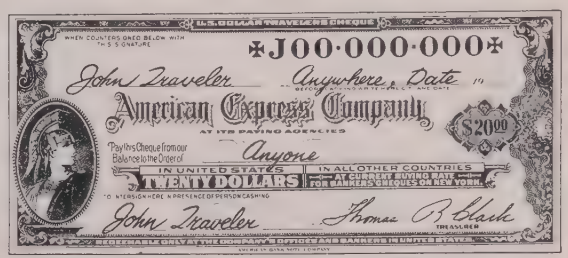

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A Messenger

By THEODORE P. VASILOPOULOS

I have just returned from abroad. However tired is old lady Europe, her sons and daughters are not. They have an unimportable commodity they never tire of selling to tourists especially to Americans; they can tell you ghost stories in the most facile and yet serious manner. One cannot fail to see that they are serious in their beliefs. One may soon tire of the old familiar sights, but the telling of the ghost story in the hands of these professionals, will ever remain fresh in one's memory.

Whatever reasons the Hungarians may have for telling the story of Count Dracula; or the English with their austere castles and their clinking chains and the headless nobles wandering about their bloody towers, I could find no such reasons among the Greeks. I suspected the English. the French with their vampires, the Hungarians and the Scots with their Loch Ness monster of commercialism; the more the tourists who came to satisfy their curiosity at the actual scenes of these supernaturals, the more money would be spent in these countries, but the wily Greeks had no such reason, though the lord knows they of all people need the trade. Only one Greek had such a reason, but it was an altruistic one.

Two of my six months in Greece were spent with relatives in the country. The nearest large town was Pyrgos. To while away the time, for the movies did not play every night, I started the ball rolling by telling them ghost stories I had heard in the other parts of Europe. Though I realized they were very superstitious and very susceptible I could not stop. For every one I told they told me two. The eerier the story the louder I laughed. The gestures and the noises we made in adding spice to the tales kept not a few from sleeping well at night. Not a complaint from anyone but their growing serious attitude began to disturb me. They laughed with me but not at what I was laughing at. The elders both kin and strangers who happened to sit with us, sat mutely with hands folded nodding from time to time. I was told by a young high school girl secretly that the elders deplored the sacrilegious attitude of the younger generation. She told me that when it came to go, the elders crossed themselves three times, looked in all directions before they ventured out in the darkness. And it was so.

After I had been there a week I decided to visit other kin on the far side of the mountain. I shaved, washed my hair and put on my best suit. I said goodbye to the neighbors and set out as the sun was sinking. Travel in Greece in the summer and in the day is not recommended unless you bring your own air conditioning. I had not gone three steps when my cousin grabbed me brusquely by the arm.

"Where are you going?" she asked. I told her I had enjoyed her hospitality for a week, it was high time I visited the others.

"You stay right here, tonight. You can go visiting tomorrow".

"Why not tonight?", I asked innocentty.

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"You may laugh at our tales of the vrykolakes, or vampires and nereids but we take those things seriously here. I cannot let you go anywhere. The sun has set and you have just washed your hair".

"The sun has set and I have just washed my hair? Is that what you said or am I hearingthings?"

"Yes".

"What has that to do with my wanting to go tonight?"

"You cant. You mustn't go. I forbid it . . . The nereids will get you". She was serious and slightly angry.

"The what will what?"

"Nereids. You heard me clearly enough". My laughter boomed out over the sleepy Eleian countryside. My cousin called out some names and before I knew it I was surrounded by her kin from all directions. She faced me with her hands on her hips and she reminded me of the old Spartan women, bold, strong and wilful. She turned to her audience.

"This young fool has just washed his hair and now he wants to go visiting after sundown".

"It's the best time. It isn't as hot. I . . ." I smiled sheepishly at the dour faces.

"Shut up vlaka, it's for your own good". She called me a fool and I didn't like it, nor did I like the looks of the crowd of kin she had collected on scant notice.

"I'll not shut up and I'm going where I'm going. I'll see you in four days. Goodb . . .". I hadn't finished when at least eight pairs of strong hands took hold of me and tied me with ropes they had behind their backs. I looked foolish, a grown man tied up standing, by a group of super superstitious morons. I spluttered with rage but it did no good. I threatened them but they laughed. They knew they had tied me well. I was carried up on the porch and put in a chair by the railing. It was my cousin's voice:

"Now will one of you more eloquent ones tell him why he can"t leave tonight. He thinks I am fooling with him. This is a joke to him". It dawned on me rather suddenly that they weren't kidding, and when a cute little twelve year old bystander told me, it was eloquence enough.

"Mr. American", she began, "we all like you and we would not want the nereids to get you. They are evil and will harm you". She was dead serious and rather young to be superstitious. At the mention of the word nereids, two old women dressed in black from head to toe, crossed themselves and started to mutter prayers and orisons among themselves. Soon the others had crossed themselves too. They were making the sign of the cross for me . . . and my hands were tied. I wanted to say a few prayers for them instead.

"The Evil One has put such ideas in your head, American", said the old lady whose skin was the color of wrinkled parchment. "We have to fight Him with all the weapons at our disposal. We pray for you, foolhardy American".

"No one", hissed another old crone in my ear, goes out after washing his hair after sundown. That is why we say the Evil One has put such ideas in your innocent head. He knew you didn't know

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better because you are a stranger . . . but He knows us very well. We are on to His evil tricks". In the dusk by the feeble light of the kerosene lamp, the old women crossing themselves in triads, the deadly mien on the middle aged and the white garments below white serious faces made as an unholy scene as I have ever witnessed or imagined. Someone brought incense and candles, and seven centuries went up in smoke. We were back in the Middle Ages. I looked at the young ones, implored them to set me free, but they were silent. They regarded me now, I was certain, as possessed of the devil. They began to wail like something out of the Arabian desert. The candles were lit and placed on the railing on both sides of me. I tried to do something, even laugh but the deadly seriousness of the rite of exorcism stifled me. They went about their business with such meticulousness and spite that it put the Spanish Inquisition to shame.

"He is betwiched by the Horny One", screamed another. I thought of the young and old men of the village playing cards and drinking their coffee in the village cafe; enjoying themstlves . . . just a mere hundred yards away and here I was tied up like a goat. It was so incongruous that it was tragic.

"You brought all this upon yourself talking about the evil things". She crossed herself, "We didn't want to talk about them but you forced them upon us". She took courage and went on:

"You must atone for your sins, foolish boy".

To her I replied tartly, "And who is going to atone for your sins . . . you dirty old crone?" And a sepulchral voice put the finishing touch to this bizarre cleansing with its: "We are only trying to save you from yourself, my boy. Be not harsh with us. It is obvious to me you are moonstruck'". Each 'doctor' had his own diagnosis of my 'illness'.

A frenzy seized me. I shouted to them: "You know god-damm well, you old bastards the moon hasn't been out for five days . . . Yo. . ."

But I was wasting my time talking to the walls; they had all disappeared in the gloom. The candles sputtered and went out, and soon thereafter I fell asleep. The dew of the early morning awakened me. My bonds had been taken off me as I slept. There was only one thing to do; I did it. I went off without breakfast to file my complaint at the police station at Pyrgos.

The captain looked at me and smiled. "Ah, good morning, my fine American, a pleasant day for visiting, is it not?"

"It is pleasant enough", I replied curtly from hunger, "but I am here on business. I want to file a complaint. I want the whole mob jailed for kidnapping".

"What mob . . . whose kidnapping". He was too suave for so early in the morning.

'Mine. A crazy mob held me prisoner last night at the village of L. They tied me to a chair against my will and kept me there all night".

"Why?" The chief was not even sympathetic, but polite.

"How in the hell do I know. They said I was bewitched, moonstruck, evil, because I wanted to

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go visiting after I had washed my hair".

"Ah, ha!".

Ah, ha! what the hell does that mean?"

"That's why . . . hmmm".

"Well, come, let's get going. Give me the official paper and I'll file the complain. They are not going to get away with anything. Lock them up and tie them up the same way. Let them know what it is to have their freedom taken away from them".

"I am sorry but I can do nothing for you. You have no case, actually. They were in their rights. They know no better, but of their freedom, they were prisoners for six years, we all were, of that they know or should know better. They can be held on that. But I think you ought to hear what I have to say first. Then you can decide what you want to do.

"I wasn't always a policeman; I was a school-teacher before the war. I was mustered out last year after five years of service, in which time I had not visited my native village or my relatives. My fellow villagers of the same battalion, those that came back in '44, told my kin that I was missing in action. The truth was that I was a prisoner of war. All had given up hope except my parents. The girl to whom I was engaged, married another. Yet through all this my parents never gave up hope for me. They prayed and waited. And I found out only when the village priest happened to think of it. My parents told taht John, a friend of mine from another village, had come to them one night, months later, when my letters had stopped coming, on a dashing white horse, and told them not to despair; that I lived, a prisoner in a foreign country".

"That is a nice story. I am sure it has a moral in it somewhere but what has that to do with my wanting to punish the old goats who trussed me up?"

"Please, I have not finished. "Last year I went to his village to pay my respects to him, that is, my friend, and his family. On the way to his village, gzuess who passed me on the way? Who? Why, friend John on his dashing white horse. He went by me like the wind. Over his shoulder he shouted, 'Welcome. I shall see you later'. And he disappeared in the dusk. Oh, yes, he added: 'Wait for me'. He had pressing business elsewhere or he would have accompanied me to his parents' home.

'I reached the village an hour later. His parents fell upon me and cried. They were so glad to see an old boyhood friend of their son's. They treated me royally. It grew late and still my friend hadn't returned. I couldn't stay there that night as we had an important case here the next morning. I arose to go and told them, 'I must be going. It is nice to see you are all together again. Give my regards to John and tell him I could not wait. I'll see him another time'. The old couple burst into tears. I could not bear to see them grieve that I started for the door. I can stand everything but to see people cry, not even tears of gladness.

'John my only son', said the old man through his tears, 'died in the very first battle in Albania, carrying messages for the high command. ".

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The one-story building pictured above, located at S. W. Corner Ogden and Forrest Aves., Downers Grove, Illinois was purchased by Mr. B. Charuhas, a well known theatre man.

And this one-story brick building having four stores, and located at 1227-53 S. Harlem Avenue was bought by La Salle National Bank, Trustee.

The P. G. Maniates & Co. have their offices at 11 S. La Salle Street, Chicago.

R. S. DAMON, OF TWA, AWARDED ATHENIAN MEDAL OF HONOR

Ralph S. Damon, President of Trans World Airlines, has been awarded the Bronze Medal of Honor of Athens, Greece, "in recognition of his exceptional feelings and his noble efforts towards the City of Athens."

The presentation of this newly authorized Athenian medal was made by Major Constantine S. Nicolopoulos, Mayor of Athens, at a dinner in that city.

The medal was awarded to Mr. Damon in gratitude for TWA's scheduled operations "which brought closer together the two countries, America and Greece". TWA, the only United States airline serving Greece, has scheduled flights to Athens since 1946.

AN EXQUISITE BROCHURE

"GREECE"—Issued by the Greek Embassy Inf. Office, Washington, D. C. One of the most beautiful little pictorial books this writer has seen, is the brochure entitled "GREECE" issued by the Royal Greek Embassy Information Service at Washington, D. C.

This little book of forty-eight odd pages is the most comprehensive, not to say the most beautiful pictorial story of the Greek people through the ages.

The photographs of course are exquisite and so well chosen, but the short descriptions also do not lack in clarity and meaning.

In this age where reading has to compete with time, this little book tells you more about Greece in a few minutes, than volumes which would require months of study. The Greek Embassy Information Office is located at 2211 Massachusetts Ave. N. W., Washington 8, D. C.

NOTICE

The Myceneae excavation photos printed in this issue were made by V. & N. Tombazi, Photographers, Psychico, Athens.

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was founded by the Eitel Brothers during Columbian Exposition days when many of their clients and friends wer coming from Germany to attend the 1893 World's Fair in Chicago. Beset with the problem of housing and feeding their many friends, the Eitel Brothers purchased two four-story apartment houses at 63rd and Cottage Grove Avenue, just one mile from the fair grounds. With a real German menu, imported wines, and German-brewed beers of a quality few Chicagoans had ever previously known, its rooms were rarely empty and its restaurant became the busiest place on Chicago's south side.

With such an experience it was not surprising that the Eitels were permanently in the hotel business, and less than six months after the close of the Columbian Exposition the Eitel Brothers moved into Chicago's Loop. It was in 1894 that they took possession of the 50-room Germania Hotel on Randolph Street, just a block from Chicago's City Hall. Before the downtown **Bismarck** was a year old, it was doubled in capacity through the acquisition of the properties stretching to the west. And in 1922, the Eitels had acquired all the property adjoining the old **Bismarck Hotel** on the east, giving them a frontage on Randolph Street a block long. Sixteen months after the old **Bismarck Hotel** was razed the dream of the brothers Emil and Karl Eitel came true. Where the old four-story **Bismarck** and the adjoining nondescript buildings to the east had stood, there now loomed the new $14,000,000 **Eitel Block,** covering approximately 60,000 square feet. Ranging from east to west, all in one great integrated structure, were the 22-story Metropolitan Office Building, the 2,500-seat Palace Theatre, and a reborn **Bismarck Hotel** 19 stories high with 600 guest rooms.

Whatever had been accomplished in perpetuating the best in European cultural refinements in the old **Bismarck** was completely overshadowed in the new. Carefully avoiding the startling, the hotel reflects such good taste and refinement and, withal, such cheery homelikeness that today its guest rooms and restaurants are eagerly sought. Continuing in the spirit of its founders, Otto K. Eitel (second generation Eitel), now President of the Hotel, stresses a continental atmosphere in his most modern improvements of the hotel —and these are ever in progress. The Swiss Chalet, an outstanding restaurant in the **Bismarck Hotel,** is virtually a "must" for any visitor to Chicago, and one of the city's most beautiful, the Walnut Room, is enshrined in the hearts of many Chicagoans.

GAPA URGES CYPRUS FREEDOM

RESOLUTION

WHEREAS: in the past forty years the Democratic world is waging a bloody war against the forces of darkness and tyranny,

WHEREAS: the ethics of Democracy and Christianity are based upon the freedom of the individual,

WHEREAS: today more than ever the Democratic and Christian world believes in the restoration of the freedom to every race and nationality,

WHEREAS: even now the Democratic world is shedding its blood on the Korean front in defense of the principles of self determination and freedom, and

WHEREAS: the people of the Island of Cyprus in the Mediterranean, at least 87% Greek, are still under the British rules in spite of their incessant demands for reunion with Mother Greece,

RESOLVED, that the members of the Supreme Lodge Greek American Progressive Association (GAPA), assembled at its main offices in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania on the 15th day of January, place themselves unanimously on record as protesting against the refusal of the British Government to restore to the people of Cyprus their freedom and their right to reunite themselves with their Mother Greece, and as dmanding that said British Government prove its faith in Democracy and freedom by deeds, and be it further

"RESOLVED that a copy of this resolution be sent to the President of the United States, Dwight Eisenhower, to the Congress of the United States, to the British Government, to the Ambasador of Great Britain in Washington. D. C., to the Ethnarchy of Cyprus, to the Greek government, to the Ambassador of Greece in Washington, D. C., and to the United Nations.

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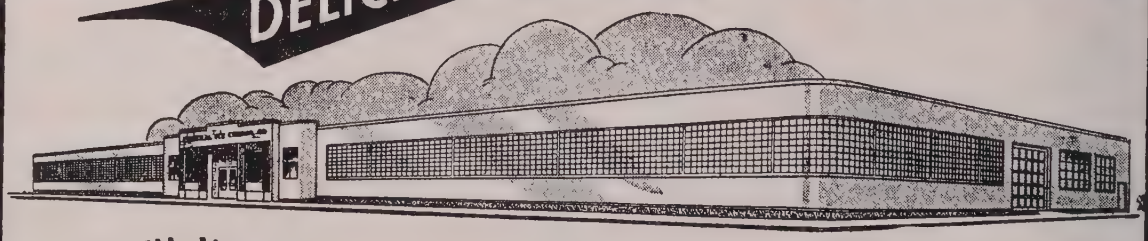

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